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THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS—COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY OF THE DANUBE.—[SEE PAGE 371.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

A new Serial Story by this popular author, entitled

AN OPEN VERDICT,

will be commenced in No. 1064 of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine picture, entitled* "SERVES HIM RIGHT," *and several interesting views of the excavations at Mycenæ.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A new Serial Story, entitled "THE TIME OF ROSES," *is commenced in this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and will be found to be well worth the attention of the reader.*

In HARPER'S BAZAR *for May 19 will be found the opening chapters of a new Serial Story, entitled* "DIEUDONNÉE."

"THE NORTH" AND "THE SOUTH."

A REMARKABLE article, under the title of "The Final Test of Southern Statesmanship," recently appeared in the New York *Express*. It is entirely different in tone from any article upon the same general subject that we remember to have seen in that paper. The article proposes to answer the question, "What is to be the future political status of the negro? Is he to be citizen or serf? Is he to be denied a voice in the making of the laws of the Southern States? Is he to be denied representation in the American Congress?" The answer to these questions must come, it thinks, from "the negro-majority States of South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana;" and if the problem is solved wisely, the *Express* holds that it "necessarily involves a fusion between the Confederates and the negro power in those States in the interest of peace and good government." The true policy, in the view of the *Express*, is to recognize the negro-power in the States named by giving it an equal share in representation, both State and national. It proceeds to say—and there is no more positive Democratic paper in the country—

"It is needless to point out to Southern men the utter impossibility of reorganizing the American Union as a purely white man's government, based on negro serfdom as its corner-stone. Such a step backward is just as impracticable as is the reorganization of the old Whig party. Such a settlement, even if made, could not last. It would foment fanatical agitation. It would produce race discontent and race conflict at the South. It would in due time breed war."

The result of such a policy, in the judgment of the *Express*, would be the immediate dissolution of "the party of hate" in the North, the moral support and strengthening of Northern Democrats, and a solid South that could not be broken. But viewed partywise, the policy recommended by the *Express*, which is sound and sensible, would be the highest conceivable Republican triumph. For it would be the adoption by the Democratic party of the extremest Republican principle. Not only would the slave have been freed, not only would he have been made a citizen, but his political equality would have been assured by the willing action of his late master. Nothing less than this, however, is to be expected from the wise policy of the Administration. From the moment that the exterior pressure which has held the white political sentiment of the South firmly united is removed, that union will be relaxed. Inevitable differences of opinion will divide the white citizens, and the colored vote will be invoked by both sides. This was the exact situation contemplated by Republican reconstruction. The result of this practical recognition of the colored vote will be the selection of colored citizens for office. When this point is reached, however, the old party lines will have become exceedingly indistinct. When Messrs. GORDON, LAMAR, and HAMPTON, for instance, have freely accepted the course so earnestly recommended by the *Express*, it will not be easy to see why they should call themselves Democrats, or why they should hesitate to unite with Republicans for great national purposes. The cardinal difference between Republicans and "the South" sprang from slavery. Free trade, State sovereignty, and secession were questions that had their root in slavery. When slavery has disappeared, and secession has no purpose, and the limitations of State sovereignty have been defined by the sword, and the equality of the Southern colored citizen is freely recognized by the Southern white, what does "Democracy" mean to "the South?" When these have ceased to be questions, what real interests remain to "the South" which are not as likely to be favored by Northern Republicans as by Northern Democrats?

We certainly anticipate no sudden millennium. The consequences of slavery and the feelings resulting from the war will only gradually be ameliorated. Hostility to the Republican party, as the party of Union and emancipation and the war, will long continue in "the South." But while this is true, such a sentiment, which in the nature of things can look forward to no gratification, will be constantly weakened by the pressure of actual necessities. Real motives, great principles, and practical conduct will take precedence of a vain sentiment. The intelligence and industry and enterprise of "the South," no longer under a local and resistless perversion, will instinctively seek a natural alliance with the intelligence and industry of "the North." Now, under the existing political nomenclature, "the North" is Republican. The characteristic popular elements and forces in this part of the country are politically Republican. With slavery and the questions springing from it settled, the natural sympathies of such men as LAMAR and HILL and GORDON are with those who are known as Republicans, rather than with Democrats. They have no national views which require the success of the Democratic rather than that of the Republican party.

Undoubtedly, with their present party connections, if these men saw that "the South" could direct the Democratic party, they would prefer to see that party dominant. But we doubt whether Mr. COX, who has been travelling through the Southern States, seems to such men the kind of party leader that they would wish to follow. In the great and dangerous emergency at the close of the late session, when, if vengeance and discord were their real desires, the Southern Democrats could have easily gratified them, they showed an independence and a patriotism which no Republican, at least, can forget. The conduct of the Administration since the inauguration of President HAYES has not tended, probably, to make them less independent. It would not be surprising if some of them should be found in friendly accord with Republicans upon questions that may arise during the extra session. Certainly, if the State policy recommended to them by the *Express* should be adopted by them, they would find cordial sympathy from the most patriotic and, as we believe, the truest Republicans.

The action of the Administration has shown the intelligent people of the Southern States, what they have not hitherto believed, that the Republican sentiment of "the North," as such, is not a hostile and vindictive feeling. The truth is that the real Republican sentiment was very much more considerate, generous, and friendly than the spirit of many of the recognized Republican leaders. By enabling this to be seen, President HAYES has done a great service both to "the North" and "the South." He has disclosed the healing truth that the deep solid sentiment of this part of the country approves and supports a policy which contemplates national harmony by justice and confidence. If it has shown that some of those who very recently seemed to be approved Republican leaders misrepresented the feeling of "the North," it is only the more heartily to be commended. If that general policy should be seriously attacked by Republicans in Congress, the depth and strength of its support in the country would be only the more plainly revealed.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK.

WAR has been formally declared against Turkey by Russia, and the Russian army has advanced into the Roumanian territory of Moldavia and Wallachia. These countries, with Servia, compose the Danubian principalities, and pay an annual tribute to the Porte as the price of their self-government. The Russians were gladly received in Roumania, but the country along the probable line of march will doubtless be desolated by the Turks to embarrass the Russian advance. The address of the Czar to the Russian army and nation declares his interest in the destinies of the oppressed Christian populations of Turkey as his motive in attempting to obtain by arms a security for them which negotiation has failed to achieve. If, as he says, the object of the war be the protection of the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria from the arbitrary measures of local authorities, it is an object which can hardly be attained without releasing them entirely from Turkish control. As was pointed out in the article by Major CONSTABLE in the *Weekly* of January 20, the basis of Turkish politics is religious. The political code is founded upon the religious creed, and the Koran does not admit the equality of the Mussulman and the unbeliever. It is, therefore, practically impossible that there should be political equality, according to the understanding of Christendom, among the mixed Christian and Moslem subjects of the Porte. When, therefore, Russia declares that she wishes to protect the Christians from the arbitrary rule of the Mussulman, she pronounces for the overthrow of the Mussulman power so far as concerns the Christians.

But the war has a much larger aspect than the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. Whatever the manifesto, it is really a continuation of the old conflict between the barbaric East and Christian civilization. The advance of Turkey into Austria or Russia, and on into Germany, would be a decline of civilization and a retrogression toward barbarism. The advance of Russia into Turkey, however selfish her immediate purpose, would be the forerunner of a higher civilization and of general progress. There is no country more open to Western influences than Russia. There is none so immovable as Turkey. Meanwhile the other European powers are engaged to neutrality, and if Russia should be able to secure the independence of the three provinces that she names, it is not probable that the other powers would interfere. If, however, she should actually subdue the Porte, and press on to dictate terms at Constantinople, those powers would undoubtedly consider that the map of Europe could not be essentially changed without their participation. But the present localization of the war would seem to be probable. No other power really wishes to take up arms for any purpose. The remarks of VON MOLTKE, however, show that, in the opinion of the greatest of European soldiers, the peace of Europe is not assured. In forecasting war with France, he merely echoes a general anticipation. The rapid recovery and reorganization of the French military establishment is the subject of articles in the European periodicals that are full of significant details. France undoubtedly "bides her time." As public opinion in a country becomes really representative of popular feeling—and this is a result produced by the increased means of popular intelligence—a war which ends in territorial loss breeds another war. Alsace and Lorraine are perpetual goads and stings to French pride. It is the monuments of defeat which are intolerable. A "rectification of the frontier," at least to its lines preceding the German war, became the determination of the French mind when that war ended.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, in an interesting article in the *North American Review*, suggests that the war may produce a general movement among Mohammedan populations. The remark is perhaps confirmed by the reported advance of the Emir of Cashgar toward Khokan, which is held by the Russians in Turkestan, and General KAUFMANN has asked for re-enforcements. On the other hand, Persia is not unfriendly to Russia, and Russia seems disposed to obtain control of the southern and southeastern shore of the Black Sea. The only hope is that the war may be short and decisive, and American sympathy will naturally be with the power that represents, however imperfectly, Christian civilization.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

IT is reported from Washington that Secretary SHERMAN said that "he never suffered more pain in his life than he did in the recent removal of employés, so many of whom were helpless, poor, and needy." There can be no doubt of the Secretary's reluctance to discharge a most unpleasant duty. A piteous and true tale has been told of the horror with which deserving clerks of all kinds contemplated the destitution and uncertainty that awaited them, and in the traditions of the departments there linger stories which are most painful of despair and even death consequent upon removal. Yet it is unquestionable that any conscientious officer assuming the control of various branches of the public service would find it to be his imperative duty to cause what seems to be unmitigated suffering. And it is the natural unwillingness to do this which prolongs and confirms some of the great abuses of the service. A Secretary, for instance, who comes into a department conscious that his term may be short, is exceedingly reluctant to turn innocent families into the street, which would be the probable result of his insisting upon abolishing certain offices which he knows to be useless.

Yet these useless offices abound in every part of the public service. Every one who is familiar with the subject knows plenty of sinecures. There are entire bureaus which are superfluous. In the great custom-houses and post-offices there are both sinecure posts and places incompetently filled, often because of a natural unwillingness to displace an incumbent who has done well, and for whom after long service—for there are such instances—no provision is made by pensions. The latter class of places we do not now consider. But the multitude of sinecures is easily explained. A purely partisan system of the civil service necessarily multiplies useless places, and enormously increases the expense of the service. When the offices are the currency of politicians, when men rise politically by trading in offices and appointments and promises, there will be a constant multiplication of them to provide berths for bummers and henchmen of every degree. And when a vigilant, vigorous, and intelligent chief enters upon the duties of his department, he can not fail to find scores of places that ought peremptorily to be abolished.

The instant that he perceives this duty and proceeds to perform it, he is overwhelmed with the protestations and opposition of "influence." Whatever method he may adopt, however carefully and fairly he may arrange the necessary changes, he will be denounced and slandered. A duty exceedingly disagreeable in itself will be made infinitely more difficult. And the reason of the trouble will be always the same—the nature of the system. It is the penalty of the futile effort to do business upon other than business principles. If A is appointed because B requests it, neither A nor B will ever acquiesce in removal merely because the public interest may require it. If somebody must be removed, let it be C. But D objects because he procured C's appointment. And so it goes through the whole alphabet. The time of the responsible head of that branch of the service is consumed in this miserable business. And when somebody protests against a system so supremely foolish and vexatious and so costly to the country, and demands that it be reformed in the interests of practical common-sense, he is indignantly asked whether he does not think that his party can furnish good men enough for the offices. If it can, let it prove it. Let the offices be filled by the fittest men. That is the only answer that such a question requires.

It can not be too often repeated that the reform demanded is not one of men only, but of system. If the New York Custom-house, for instance, is still to be "run" as a political machine, if its chief officers are to be charged with the direction of the Administration party in the State, and its minor places are to be filled with persons who have established their fitness by serving active politicians, then every man in the Custom-house from Collector to coal-heaver may be changed, but there will be no reform. The first step toward reform in that institution will be the appointment of a Collector who believes that it ought not to be run as a political machine, and who has the nerve and the skill to take care that it shall not be. It would be a task well worthy the powers of a man thoroughly earnest, intelligent, and courageous. We do not know "what would become of the party;" but we do know that an Administration which should do this would carry out a policy whose results no party would readily dare to disturb.

THE SUMMER SESSION.

THE action of the late Democratic House which made an extra session necessary will certainly prove to be very uncomfortable to the members, however useful it may be to the country. The prolonged and exciting summer session of last year was very injurious to health, and those who suffered—a category which in some degree includes every Senator and Representative—will contemplate the approaching session with dismay. It is not easy to predict with confidence the probable duration of the session. But unless some circumstance not now apparent intervenes, it will hardly be very long. The reason is that both parties will be so nearly balanced that each side will be very wary of provoking a contest, and each will not be unwilling to leave Washington in the dog-days when the necessary business has been transacted. We trust that in transacting it the appropriations for military purposes will be wisely scanned, and that mere reduction of expense will not be considered to be necessarily economy. Immense extravagance often goes by that name. Here, for instance, in the harbor of New York is Fort Wadsworth, at the Narrows, one of the most important fortifications in the country. It has been reconstructed within the last few years at enormous expense. But the money that has been invested there is now recklessly squandered by neglect. The careful embankments are washed and destroyed by storms, without repair, and the guns that have cost many thousands of dollars are left exposed to the elements. A small appropriation, or the means of placing a proper force to care for the works and the public property, would save the country a great deal of money. The proper object of legislation upon the expenses of the army and of the

fortifications is to maintain a due efficiency of the one and the constant repair of injury to the other.

The fortunate party equality in the next Congress makes reasonable legislation probable. The House will be organized by the Democrats, but, happily for the country, the Beebe, Field, and Springer kind of Democracy will not be master of the situation. It is safe to say that mere partisan opposition to the Administration will be checked. In the Senate the question of the admission of the Senator from Louisiana will occasion debate, in which the measures of the Administration will be severely denounced, but not by its party opponents. An open breach in the Republican party will depend upon the tone and temper of the Republican opposition. It would be a great blunder on the part of that opposition to mistake either the conviction or the courage of the Republican sentiment that supports the President. The comparisons suggested between him and John Tyler or Andrew Johnson are natural to very superficial observers, but they are very foolish and futile. Tyler and Johnson tried to use their position for their selfish advantage. President Hayes desires solely the public welfare. It is a fact incredible to the ordinary politician, to whom patriotism means the success of his party by any means, but it is a fact nevertheless. And it is this fact which confounds the ordinary politician and deranges all his calculations. The President, we assume from all that we have observed of his words and acts, is a Republican because he believes that the real principles, character, and purposes indicated by that name are in harmony with the best interests of the country. He very possibly believes that much of the sectional bitterness of feeling is due to the mistaken methods by which the Republican purposes have been carried out. He may, not unnaturally, suppose, with a great many other Republicans, that clever politicians have traded upon these mistaken methods, under a fine flourish of Republican firmness and principle, for their own personal ends. He therefore undoubtedly prefers his interpretation of Republicanism and his choice of methods to theirs. He can not doubt that his interpretation and his choice have the full sympathy of much of the best element in the party. Charged with the responsibility of the executive administration, therefore, he does not purpose to surrender his judgment to the judgment of others no more patriotic than he. If there is to be a breach, they must take the responsibility.

This, as we understand it, is the situation. It will become more pronounced as the policy in regard to the civil service is developed. How much and how far the President is likely to yield may be seen in his course hitherto. He nominated a cabinet to please himself, and he did not succumb to the prayers or threats of any body. He pursued temperately and wisely the policy that the best interests of the country seemed to him to require in the Southern States, knowing very well the hostility that it would encounter, and pursuing it notwithstanding. If he had not been willing to trust his own convictions, and to take the risks which his sense of duty required, he would have disappointed the deepest and truest sentiment of those who voted for him. Should he hesitate or falter in the same course now, it would be a sore disaster. If, as is said, the Republican party in the Southern States is now practically extinct, we reply that it is not President Hayes who has extinguished it. If the Republican party was almost defeated at the last election, and if, under similar auspices, it was unquestionably doomed to total overthrow at the next election, it would not be a very difficult task to fix the responsibility of that result. The President represents to-day the real principle and purpose of the Republican party. If the opposition to his course shall be as decided as he, it may divide the party, but it certainly can not do more.

CHANGING SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

The interests and capital involved in the publication of text-books for the common schools are so many and so large that every legislative bill affecting such books should be very carefully scrutinized. Under a proposition apparently of economy and uniformity there may lurk a mere scheme of monopoly and special profit. This is by no means to be supposed to be necessarily known to the proposer of the bill; and in alluding to a little bill introduced into the New York Legislature by Mr. Skinner, and which has been reported favorably, we have no intention whatever of ascribing to him any other than the best motives. The bill is Number 563, and is entitled an act to prevent frequent changes of text-books. It provides substantially that when a text-book shall have been adopted for use in any school district in the State, it shall not be superseded by any other book within a period of five years from its adoption,

> "except upon a two-thirds vote of the patrons of schools of any city, at a special meeting thereof to be called for that purpose by the Board of Education in said city, or upon a two-thirds vote of all legal voters present at the annual school meeting in any school district."

This practically grants a monopoly for five years to all the text-books in use at the time of the passage of the act. It prevents any improvement in the received books, except upon a vote which manifestly it would be very difficult to obtain, because the argument of apparent economy would be very apt to prevail against that of more exact knowledge or of better methods. If Russia should defeat Turkey, and the map of Europe should be changed next month, the geography that was adopted last month might continue for five years to misinform all the scholars, unless two-thirds of the voters, who may be utterly ignorant or indifferent, will yield to the committee or the board who know the value and the necessity of exact information. This is but one illustration of the mischief of so rigid a restriction. It is, moreover, plain that if the mass of the voters are competent to decide such a question, they are still more competent to elect a board or a committee which can decide all such questions a hundredfold more wisely. It is evidently the interest of publishers whose text-books have already been adopted that the bill should pass. But it is not the interest of parents to make improvement in text-books exceedingly difficult, especially as they have so immediate a check upon extravagance in the annual election of trustees. We doubt if the project emanated from the parents. It has more the appearance of a suggestion of special interest.

And who are "the patrons" of schools? If any person gives a prize, or in any way encourages and benefits a school, is he not in the best sense a patron, although he may send no children to it? Are not the mothers of fatherless children "patrons" of the schools which these children attend, and does this bill intend to make them school voters—as we think that they should be? If the term means the fathers of children actually attending the schools, why is not the language used that expresses the intention? There is no technical school use of the word "patron," so far as we know, and the phrase would seem to authorize two-thirds of every body in the community to determine a question that requires most thoughtful and intelligent consideration, and which, in our judgment, should be left as it is now, to the decision of representatives especially selected for the purpose, and whose action can be constantly revised by the legal voters. If the proposed bill is to become a law, it should certainly not be made retroactive. If the words "shall have been adopted" were changed to "shall be hereafter adopted," every body would know what to expect. The clause as it stands gives possession for five years to all text-books now in use, however antiquated they may be. It would be only just, if a fixed term is to be adopted, that all text-books should have fair play and an equal chance.

THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

The appointment of Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, as minister to Spain is the first important foreign appointment of the Administration, and it is received with universal approval. Mr. Kasson is a trained public man. In the House of Representatives he was one of the ablest and most trusted of Republican leaders, and he has filled most efficiently executive positions. Mr. Kasson is a generally accomplished and cultivated man, who, besides discharging satisfactorily the official requirements of his embassy, will maintain the reputation and dignity of the true American character. If all the appointments that may be made in the foreign service shall be as good as this, there will be no opportunity for cavil.

PERSONAL.

When General Ignatieff was in Paris he complained to M. Thiers that he had been described as a parvenu. "My family," said the general, "is one of the most ancient in Russia; in fact, I have a saint in my family." "St. Ignace, I presume," replied Thiers. "I also am descended from a saint, and his name was Thomas."

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway, writing from London to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says of Millais, the artist: "He was born a poor boy in the isle of Jersey, and began his artistic work with an employer who gave him his board and half crown a week—what appeared to him a fortune. Now he gets £2000 or more for painting a portrait. But his portraits satisfy only the ostentation of those who regard it as a great thing to show on the Academy walls in a picture by Millais; they bring only sorrow to some of his earliest and best friends, who feel that his best days are passing without the promise of his early years being fulfilled by adequate achievement. Millais's best pictures were painted when he was comparatively poor, and they perhaps have a value derived from the belief that he will never equal them; but these prognostications may fail. He is only a little over fifty years of age."

—Mr. P. B. S. Pinchback, the claimant of a seat in the United States Senate, was born a slave, and belonged to Major Holmes, of Georgia. Having a fondness for poetry, he named the boy Percy Bysshe Shelley Pinchback. Once, when travelling on the Mississippi, he took P. B. S. with him. During the trip the major entered with boldness and zest into a game of draw poker, and the boy sat behind, waiting on his master and watching the game. While thus employed the captain stumbled across him, and said, "Whose nigger are you?" "Well, Massa Cap'n, I don't zactly know," was the reply. "I war Major Holmes's boy, but he done bet me on two little pair and lost. I's got to see de game through 'fore I can answer dat question." Whether he "done stay" with the winner or was recouped by the major, history has failed to record.

—Julian Hawthorne's serial novel "Garth" will be concluded in *Harper's Magazine* for June. This final installment, occupying nineteen pages, will be full of intensely dramatic situations.

—On the 12th of April last died, at his residence, the Monument House, in this city, at the age of sixty-nine, Samuel Kellinger. He was an innkeeper, "all of the olden time," and known to wayfarers by the kindly prefix of "Pop," or "Uncle Sammy." His larder was notable for its fullness and excellence; and in the items of steaks, chops, and, mind you, terrapin, the "Monument" was resorted to with serenest confidence. His funeral was attended by a concourse of people who appreciated his quiet ways, his sterling sense, his unfailing good humor. What pleasant things have been written of inns and the keepers thereof! Do we not remember Shenstone's complete apostrophe:

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn?"

And can we forget old Dr. Johnson, who saith, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn?" Or shall we think lightly of Archbishop Leighton, who used often to say that if he "were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn?" Or, coming down to our own time, doth it not cheer the cockles of the heart to read Irving's delightful words: "To a houseless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may—let kingdoms rise or fall—so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment?" Irving wrote that fifty-seven years ago in the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon, where the fare was not so good as at Kellinger's.

—There is one department of the public service at Washington, the Department of State, in which few changes are made among subordinates. Among those who have for many years done good work for the government is Mr. William Hunter, one of the assistant secretaries, who entered the department in 1827—fifty years ago—as translator, was promoted to the chief clerkship in 1852, and in 1866 to be an assistant secretary. He has served under Clay, Van Buren, Livingston, Forsyth, Calhoun, Upshur, Webster, Clayton, M'Lane, Everett, Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, Seward, and Fish, and has drafted many of the state papers for which they have received so much praise. There is no man living who is so thoroughly familiar with the details of our diplomatic and consular history as Mr. Hunter.

—For a potentate who exercises so powerful an influence on the minds of many peoples in many lands, the dining and supping habits of Pope Pius appear to be of the simplest kind. After the business occupations of the forenoon, he goes at two o'clock to dinner. The dining-room adjoins the study and bedroom, and in small size and plain furniture is in keeping with them. The Pope always dines alone, Monsignor Cenni, private chaplain, or some other prelate being in attendance, standing by the table, and twice a week the Commendatore Filippini, the *segretario segreto*. Having taken his seat—in this room his chair has a small canopy over it—Pius IX. reads a few prayers silently, and then, punctually at two, is served, the *menu* consisting of soup and three dishes, of which he seldom partakes of more than two, drinking a little Johannisberg cabinet or Cyprus of the Commandery. But these good wines have been prescribed for him: until recently he never took any thing but vino del paese. Fried things he never eats. When the cloth has been removed, the red table-cover replaced, and the prelate in attendance has retired, the Pope places his elbow upon the table, his head upon his hand, and dozes for a quarter of an hour. But the business of the day is not quite concluded. There are secretaries to be seen, or semi-official audiences given to bishops about to depart, or it may be to Cardinal Manning or Ledochowsky just arrived. When these are over, the Pope reads aloud from his breviary what might be called family prayers, and then, it being half past eight, he goes to supper—a frugal meal of one dish and a little wine. He then retires to his study, on the table of which four wax candles are burning—no other light is ever used in his apartment—and spends the rest of his waking hours until ten (his customary time for going to bed) in strict seclusion and meditation.

—In a recent number of the London *Court Journal* appears a three-line paragraph which exhibits the character of Queen Victoria in a very charming and graceful light. It is a simple announcement that "her Majesty has sent a portrait of herself, with an autograph letter, to Mrs. S. C. Hall, who is in feeble health." It will gratify many literary people in this country to know that Mrs. Hall's health has improved. Moreover, the gift was something more than a portrait of her Majesty, as a copy of her letter will show: "The Queen has the greatest pleasure in presenting to Mrs. S. C. Hall a portrait of herself, and also portraits of herself and the Prince." In paying this graceful tribute to Mrs. Hall, the Queen has shown that nice discrimination of literary taste and talent which always characterized her husband, the late lamented Prince Consort. It is by such graceful and considerate acts—acts that go straight to a nation's heart—that will cause it to be said of her in distant years, "She wrought her people lasting good."

—*Fraser's Magazine* for February has an interesting article sketching the more prominent members of the House of Lords. "Unquestionably," it says, "the honors of the last session belonged, among the junior members of that august assemblage, to Lord Rosebery, and the only fear is lest the amount of praise which has been justly given to the young nobleman should turn his head and spoil him for future efforts. He had previously displayed the happy knack of self-adaptation to circumstances with equal felicity on occasions grave and gay: when, in his capacity of President of the Social Science Congress, he surveyed the progress and condition of all branches of human knowledge within a two hours' speech; when, as chairman at a dinner given to that actor, he proposed the health of Mr. Toole; when, while making with Lord Bute the grand tour of the United States, he addressed a copy of verses to Sam Ward—the hero of Welcker's and Delmonico's, the king of the lobby at Washington and of *bons vivants* at New York. It should be mentioned that on the same day on which, last session, he won his laurels in the House of Lords, the Earl of Rosebery had already scored a double success at Newmarket. This accomplished, he took the train to London, and in a few hours was making the speech of the evening—that speech at Westminster in which he wittily described the new imperial title as 'labeled for external application only.' The knowledge of the world which Lord Rosebery has gathered is not unlikely to be highly useful to him in his political career."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Packard government withdrew from the Louisiana State-house on the morning of the 25th ult., and the Nicholls Legislature took possession at noon.

The Louisiana Legislature, on the 24th ult., elected Judge N. M. Spofford as United States Senator, by a vote of 140 to 1. The new Senator is a native of Connecticut, a brother of the Librarian of Congress, and the law partner of ex-Judge Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court.

The bill prohibiting pool-selling passed the New York Senate on the 25th. The Woodin Charter passed the Senate on the 26th. The Assembly, on the 25th, voted to abolish the Marine Court.

The Hon. Edward M'Pherson has been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.

War was declared by Russia against Turkey on the 24th ult. The Czar, in a manifesto issued on that date, threw the responsibility of war on the Turks. Russia, he said, had for two years "made incessant efforts to induce the Porte to effect such reforms as would protect the Christians in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria from the arbitrary measures of local authorities." The manifesto concludes as follows: "Having exhausted pacific efforts, we are compelled by the haughty obstinacy of the Porte to proceed to more decisive acts, feeling that our equity and our own dignity enjoin it. By her refusal, Turkey places us under the necessity of having recourse to arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and humbly committing ourselves to the grace and help of the Most High, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment, foreseen when we pronounced words to which all Russia responded with complete unanimity, has now arrived. We expressed the intention to act independently when we deemed it necessary, and when Russia's honor should demand it. In now invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give them the order to cross the Turkish frontier."

Seventeen thousand Russians entered Roumania on the night of the 23d. As early as the 21st, however, Cossacks passed near Bucharest on their way to Kalafat—a town opposite Widdin, which the Turks seized and held successfully against the Russians in the war of 1853–54. Up to the evening of the 24th, 50,000 Russians had entered Roumanian territory. At the same time 15,000 Russians occupied the railroad bridge at Barboschi. Three Turkish gun-boats have entered the river to destroy the bridge. The Turks report that the first engagement took place, on the 26th, at Tchuruksou, in Asiatic Turkey, and resulted in the defeat of the Russians, with a loss of 800. The fight was renewed the next day, when the Russians suffered a second defeat, with considerable loss. The Turks have bombarded the Russian fortified harbor of Poti, forty miles north of Batum.

Safvet Pasha, in reply to the manifesto of the Czar, sent a long circular dispatch to the great powers, protesting against a declaration of war, pointing out the efforts of Turkey to improve the condition of the Christians and satisfy the demands of the powers. In the absence of any provocation on the part of Turkey, Safvet Pasha declares the Porte is at a loss to understand Russia's attack, and consequently appeals to the Treaty of Paris and the mediation of the guaranteeing powers.

The Sultan, in a proclamation to his army, says: "Russia has declared war. We are forced to take up arms. We have always wished peace, listening to the advice of the powers in this respect; but Russia wants to destroy our independence, and so if Russia attacks us, God, who protects right and justice, will grant us victory. Our soldiers will defend with their blood the country gained by their ancestors, and with the help of God maintain the independence of the Osmanli. The nation will protect the wives and children of the soldiers. Should it be necessary, the Sultan will go to the army and raise the standard of the Khalifat and the Sultanat. The Sultan is ready to sacrifice his life for the honor and independence of the country."

It is stated circumstantially by the London correspondent of the Liverpool *Courier* that Austria has called on England to uphold the Treaty of Paris, and that England has resolved to do so.

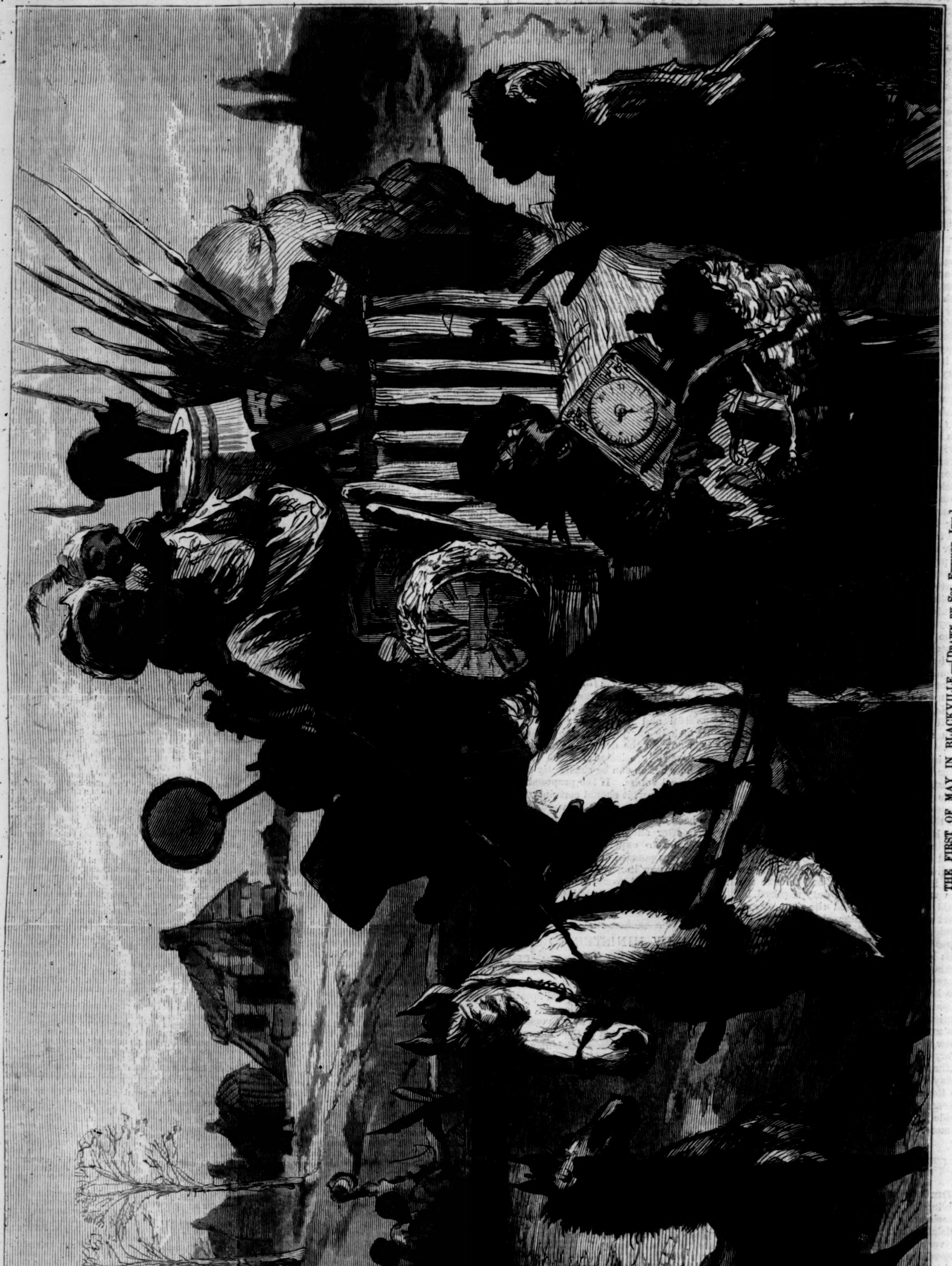
A revolt broke out recently in Paraguay, and the President, Dom Joao Bautista Gill, and his brother were assassinated. The conspirators were routed.

The boiler in a flour mill at Alexandria, Egypt, exploded on the 23d ult. Sixteen persons were killed and many injured.

A serious outbreak of cholera has occurred in Akyab, British Burmah. One out of every four of the European population died in thirty hours.

In the British House of Commons, on the 23d, it was said that Spain had promised to try General Burriel, of the *Virginius* massacre notoriety, but that the trial had been delayed on account of the non-receipt of papers from Cuba.

The Spanish Cortes was opened by King Alfonso in person on the 25th. In his speech from the throne he declared that the relations of Spain with the foreign powers were more cordial than ever. On the 26th, Señor Posada Herrera was elected President of the Congress by a vote of 265 to 5.



THE FIRST OF MAY IN BLACKVILLE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

"Got to go dis time. De Lanlode 'fuses to put in de Gas-Works."

QUEEN OF THE MAY—UNPROPITIOUS SKIES.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

O ENGLAND! merrie England!
A stiff-necked race are we,
But in the blooming May-time
We doff our hats to thee:
We call thy ways old-fashioned,
We sneer at royal sway,
But watch with bitter envy
Thy greeting to the May.

With sweetest exultation
Her fairy feet advance,
While round the merry May-pole
Thy lads and lassies dance;
The old men and the maidens,
The babies of a day,
Put on a smile of gladness
To greet the beauteous May.

Alas! behold our anguish
To see the day advance!
Our Lares and Penates
Begin a witches' dance;
Like drunken sons of Bacchus,
Like demons at their play,
They quit their wonted niches
Upon the First of May.

O madness of commotion!
O fiends of magic art!
The shameless creatures prowl the streets
On some malignant cart.
In vain we howl with anguish,
In vain we curse the day:
A kitchen table, legs in air,
Is symbol of our May.

Amid a wild procession
Our maniac *meubles* go,
While, like a band of exiles,
We follow on in woe.
We know through weeks of labor
We shall be made to pay
The price of this wild orgy
That marks the First of May.

O England! merrie England!
No cause to vaunt have we,
For all we took an ocean
To mix a draught of tea.
Not all the exultation
Of our Centennial Day
Outweighs the awful anguish
That greets us with the May.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

CHAPTER I.

"FATE, fate, fate!" cried the girl, lifting her head into the sunlight for an instant, and dipping her idle hands into the water. "What rubbish it all is, Charlie! Why, I might have spent this lovely afternoon in a thousand better ways than reading such book-making as that."

"As what?" asked Charlie, laconically, as he rested on his oars for a minute, and looked down at her swift white fingers, that kept pace with the drifting boat.

"This stupid book," she went on, vehemently: "as if any thing were just fate; as if we were plants or anemones, or some other senseless thing —and had no free-will."

"I don't know about the *freedom*," said Charlie, "but I *do* know something about the *will*; and I agree with you that you might have been employing your afternoon better, on the whole. If your conscience is pricking you, it is not too late even now to take an oar."

"Woman's rights, Charlie," she retorted, lazily, putting the sunny head back into its shadowy resting-place. "You know you do approve of that great movement in the right direction, and I claim this lovely afternoon of perfect idleness as my *right*. You can go on rowing as long as you like, and I shall lie here, just as I am, and feel like a girl in a novel."

"A very fair division of labor," said Charlie. "I wish it were not too hot to worry you; but you are no more like a girl in a novel than I am. If you were, you would be out here with a lover, not a brother; and the lover would call your hair gold, or auburn, or *bronze*—lovers in books have no idea of color—while I call it *red*; and you would say—"

"I would say," she interrupted, lazily—"just nothing. I don't believe I could make love out here in broad daylight; could you, Charlie? I require fire-light, or twilight, or some other sentimental light; and even then it is very up-hill work," she concluded, sighing.

"What a harrowing sigh!" said Charlie, drawing in one dripping oar, and letting the drops sparkle down in bright showers on the water. "You speak from experience, I see; but if you were that hypothetical girl, *he* would be your first love, of course, and you would have no old experience to refer to—so every thing would be quite different."

"I wish I were a girl in a novel!" she cried, springing suddenly out of her recumbent position, and sending a handful of spray into his laughing face; "because, as you say, you would be my lover then, and not my brother; and you would row me quietly home when I asked you, instead of making me stay out here in the glaring sun until my eyes ache, and I am forced into actual manual labor myself."

"Do you speak from experience in that too?" he said, teasingly. "First catch your lover, you know; then train him."

She turned her head and ruffled hair away, with a pretty, petulant gesture; and rolling up her white sleeves, because they hung about and troubled her, took the oar he handed her, and, in perfect silence, they rowed together, as they had done any day for many years, through the glory of summer sunshine, to the boat-house, where the *Persephone* was moored.

Three people, standing on the little lawn before the picturesque house that these young people called *home*, watched them as they came slowly, side by side, up the green bank, with the sunshine falling all about them and folding them in; and the three were all thinking about them in a vague manner, so that when Bethel Clithero raised her head and recognized them with a low cry of delight, they all felt guilty somehow, as if they had been speaking their thoughts aloud. Captain Strachan, standing on the lawn, and looking with careless criticism at the slight, girlish figure, was thinking: "How improved she is since this time last year! how wonderfully girls alter in their teens! What a pretty picture she would make of Sunshine, with her head standing out against a background of sheeny water, as it does just now, and the light falling just so through her hair!" His brother—young, eager, passionate—was saying in his heart: "What a perfect face! That is just the girl I should like for my wife." And Mrs. Clithero—gentle, motherly, anxious Mrs. Clithero—was stepping hastily over the lawn to meet her daughter. "Your white dress for boating? Oh, Bethel!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Bethel, with a laugh in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth, "I quite forgot, truly; but now," and she raised her eyes significantly to the figures on the lawn, "I think it was just as well. There are so few people to see me, mother, that when visitors *do* come, I like them to see me at my best."

"As if Strachan knew white from blue, or cotton from silk," put in Charlie, quickly; but he looked admiringly at the white dress all the same, and at the sweet face that seemed to concentrate the sunshine of the summer's day upon it. Mrs. Clithero smiled a little, although her economical soul was still worried by the question of the white dress; but Captain Strachan was coming over the grass to meet them, so there was no more to be said. The faintest deepening of color came into Bethel's cheeks as she took his outstretched hand and looked up into his quiet, handsome face.

"Still the same, Miss Clithero," he said; "still finding life unbearable without perpetual motion, and without Charlie."

"Still the same, Captain Strachan," she retorted; "still spending all your valuable time in sneering at and censuring and snubbing such a very insignificant person as I am."

"Bethel! Bethel!" said Mrs. Clithero, in an under-tone of agony; but Captain Strachan laughed.

"Repartee is quite a new accomplishment, Miss Clithero. Come now, and let me introduce you to my brother. It is not manners, you know, to wrangle with your guests—at least not on the first day."

"But wait," said Bethel, "for I can not quite understand: where have you sprung from so suddenly? and where are you going to? Captain Strachan, do you not see how mysterious it all is? and I do not like mysteries."

"There is no mystery," he said. "The boy over there"—nodding in the direction of the slight figure that had come down to join the group—"has been ill; and as they said London was too hot for him, I suggested this neighborhood—knowing it of old—and I have managed to get a month's leave, to look after him, and set my mother's mind at rest. Is this satisfactory, and to the point?"

"Very satisfactory," said Bethel, with a faint attempt at indifference in tone and manner—"at least to us," she added, slyly; and she dropped the lids over her eyes—perhaps because the sunlight blinded her, perhaps to hide the sudden light that she felt was shining in them; who can tell? And then the brother was introduced, and there were commonplace remarks, an invitation to dinner, frankly accepted, and the whole group went sweeping quietly across the lawn, and the sunshine was left in undisturbed possession.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN STRACHAN was an old friend, as friends are counted in these days of steam, to the little family circle. He knew the house and grounds of Craighill almost as well as did Bethel herself; and he knew, or fancied he knew, the girl's whole heart and mind, priding himself on his clear perception and keen insight into character.

Till this year she and her pretty ways had been the very insignificant by-play of his busy, careless, happy life. He used to like coming down into the quiet country, after hot, dusty London, and he appreciated her cool fresh youth in contrast with the fever of the London season. But this one year had made a change: she had sprung suddenly from insignificance into something that could not be petted and spoiled and forgotten—from girlhood into womanhood—from the awkwardness of shy sixteen into grace and beauty and self-reliance. Standing there in the sunshine on that June day, she struck his fancy—the wayward fancy of a young man with a keen eye for artistic effect—and she left her picture imprinted on his memory long before he found out that he had a heart.

She was always making pictures of herself, when there was no one there to see, sometimes with a background of dark green leaves to set off her golden-brown hair, sometimes with the oak-room to make a frame for the young face and fresh complexion; sometimes the face stood out sweetest of all set in the oval of the window, with ivy creeping all about it, and the river and the sunshine beyond—for Bethel was always at the window, always on the look-out for some one or something to come and break the monotony of the long summer that it seemed such a waste of time to enjoy alone.

She was making a picture of herself this same night, after dinner, when the three young men were sitting in the dining-room over their wine, and Mrs. Clithero was dozing by the open drawing-room window.

Bethel had crept away for a warm shawl, for even in August the evenings are cool in England, and she had climbed up the little elevation in the garden, dignified by the name of mount, and was standing in a flood of moonlight on the top.

She hardly knew herself what came over her when Captain Strachan paid his few and far-between visits—what consciousness made her aware of rough hair and torn dresses, almost before he was in the room. Mrs. Clithero guessed, perhaps, why her daughter's shining hair lay in smooth bands that evening, instead of in wild confusion, on the small, erect head—guessed, too, why there were those two crimson spots on the pale pink cheeks; but, like a wise woman and a tender mother, she said nothing except a quiet word every now and then, by which she tried to check the flow of Bethel's excitement: she was always so nervous and anxious on the score of other people's opinion of her daughter.

"Captain Strachan!" called out Bethel, suddenly. A tall figure had come out into the shadows of the gravel-path, by way of the dining-room window, and was looking about anxiously. As her voice came down, the figure paused, and an answering voice came up:

"It's only me, Miss Clithero. Will I do as well?"

"Quite as well," she answered. "I want one of those tall white lilies out of the bed beside you, and then come up here and see the moonlight."

"I would come willingly," he said, laughingly, "but I have nothing but your voice to guide me, and I have not the least idea where you are."

"Look up," she said.

So he looked up, and saw her dimly in the moonlight above him, with a sort of halo about her tall white figure; and he said, involuntarily, as he shaded his eyes, "You dazzle me, Miss Clithero." Bethel laughed, and, turning, she ran down the little slope to his side.

"Do I dazzle you now?" she said; "or is it only distance that lends enchantment to the view?" But the boy did not answer; he turned away, and picked the lily for her instead.

Bethel was in a strange, excited state of mind that evening. She took the lily Mr. Strachan had picked, and laid it in the conservatory, and then they went out together again, and strolled about the pretty garden, chattering and laughing over the boy's Oxford stories, until Mrs. Clithero came to the glass doors and called them in to tea. The two crimson spots that had died away in the last hour, came back into Bethel's cheeks as they ran along the terrace up to the drawing-room door. She had a dim, half-formed idea in her mind that she was annoying Captain Strachan by this foolish flirtation with his brother, and she meant to annoy him; she meant to show him that other people enjoyed moonlight and flowers and her society, even if he did not.

"Such a lovely evening, mother!" she cried, putting her arms tenderly about her mother's neck—"we have been enjoying it so much! Captain Strachan— Why, mother?" and she paused abruptly; except for her mother and Charlie, the drawing-room was empty.

"Captain Strachan remembered some letters he had to write for the late post," said Mrs. Clithero, in a harassed tone, and with an anxious look at her daughter. "He went away about an hour ago; he said you looked so happy that he would not interrupt you to say good-by."

Mrs. Clithero was re-assured, and the harassed look passed away from her face, as her daughter broke out into a rippling laugh.

"At any rate we have our tea left. Come, Mr. Strachan, and, after tea, I will—yes, I actually will—walk with you as far as the shrubbery gate."

"How jolly of you!" said Jim Strachan, admiringly. "As for Phil, I don't believe a word of what he says about business: he's a brick, but he's just the laziest fellow out."

"He has a good opinion of himself, I should fancy," said Bethel, with a hard ring in her voice.

"Oh no, indeed," said Jim, eagerly; "only he is made so much of, and run after so much in London."

"Is he?" said Bethel.

After tea, still laughing and talking, they strolled down to the shrubbery gate, and Jim said, taking a rose from his button-hole, "Don't think me impertinent, Miss Clithero, but if you would—"

And Bethel stretched out her hand, blushing, and took the rose.

"The jolliest girl in the world," Jim said to his brother, a quarter of an hour later. "Phil, how could you go away like that?"

Philip took his cigar from between his lips for a minute, and said, coolly, "I made my excuses to Mrs. Clithero, and Miss Bethel did not mind, I dare say."

Jim was tying his white neck-tie in a neat bow at the little glass over the chimney-piece, and he said, "Oh dear, no: don't bother yourself about that; we get on capitally together, and—in fact, I think you are rather a weight on her: you're older, and all that, you see."

"What a stupid, senseless boy!" cried Bethel, passionately; and she dropped the rose, and stamped on it till the wounded fragrance came floating up on the still air. "As for *him*, I can't think how I ever even liked him! Run after, indeed! well, after all, he might have staid. I'm glad that I have more manners than some people, but—I hate him."

CHAPTER III.

So the days went by, and Bethel awoke to the fact that there was no need for her to stand watching and waiting at the window any more—that something had come into her life at last to destroy the monotony; but she realized also that there may be worse things in life than monotony. Jim spent his time in making as frantic love to her as if that were the only use to be made of the long August days; and though she wearied of it at times, still, on the whole, she bore it quietly enough, for she liked Jim, and his petulant, idle, foolish ways, and she knew that there would be a blank in her life when he was gone. He took Charlie's place, in a measure, now that her brother was back at Oxford, and he was even more ready than Charlie to run messages and do the things she wanted. But, all the time that she was laughing and talking and playing at love with her bright eyes and tender womanly ways, she was harassed and sick at heart, as the days flew by, and the life before her grew to look strangely long and blank.

Captain Strachan was changed: he was no longer the frank friend of other years—no longer even as cool and careless and easy to please as he had been when first he came down. Sometimes he would come and spend long days at Craighill, and they would all sit together on the lawn, reading and talking, and Bethel would be as happy as the day was long; and then, again, he would absent himself for days together, leaving Jim to sun himself in Miss Clithero's society, while he made long fishing expeditions, coming back in a state of mind that was not troubled or anxious, but was simply indifferent—surprised if Bethel rallied him on his forsaken allegiance, careless and cold if she grew angry and petulant—until the girl was fain to confess to herself that the wish for his departure was growing into a feverish longing, for he made her life unbearable.

"Miss Clithero," he said one day, coming upon her alone, down by the river-side, "it is nearly a week since you have been out in the *Persephone*; if I bring her round here, shall we go for a row before sunset, it is such a glorious afternoon?"

"But it is getting late," objected Bethel, turning away as she spoke; then, thinking he was about to accept her excuse, she jumped up hastily, and cried, "Never mind; I should like it of all things! but just let me run and get my hat."

"Run, by all means," he said; "I am glad you have not forgotten how to; but I should have thought that, with all your new accomplishments, running would have been one of the lost arts."

Bethel turned away blushing, quite unable to think of any suitable repartee, and Philip was left master of the field, although he did not seem to appreciate the victory.

He walked slowly down to the boat-house, whistling as he went, but with a certain anxious look in his eyes, to which he was not accustomed, and a certain hardening of his heart for some painful duty, that could be seen in the compressed lips and slight frown between the eyebrows.

His face cleared a little, however, when he brought the boat up the river, and Bethel, in a flood of sunshine, stepped into it beside him, and sat, with her smiling face full before him, her hair making a kind of halo about her head.

She turned her head aside presently, and dipped her idle hands into the water. And he examined her critically from his *coin d'avantage* —but not as a picture. The days were few and very short that separated him from his easy, careless life, but he was none the less changed for that; and he knew that he should look in the sweet eyes and at the sunny head with the careless critical admiration of a connoisseur never again. While the sun shone, and the water rippled round them, the passionate love of his heart went out and folded itself tenderly about the girlish figure and the pretty, flushed, expectant face.

"Miss Clithero," he said, suddenly, breaking a long silence, "what a lovely rose! you might have offered it to me."

"I could not," she said, with a laugh breaking out at the corners of her mouth. "I never cast a flower away, etc."

"The gift of one who cared for me," he finished; "is it so, Miss Clithero?"

Bethel laughed shyly. "Oh no," she said, "it was only Jim."

"Where is Jim to-day?"

"How should I know?" she said, with an angry flush; and then, pathetically, "He is very kind to me, Captain Strachan; I don't know what I should have done without him this summer."

Captain Strachan made an impatient movement, and shipped his dripping oars with a jerk.

"We will drift," he said.

"But won't you smoke?" said Bethel, timidly; "I don't mind at all."

Philip would not smoke, however: he leaned his elbows on his knees, and sat looking straight before him—beyond Bethel and beyond the river. And she? she sat mute and troubled; all her ready wit and pleasant chatter seemed to have died away, and left her a foolish, silent girl, with a strange throbbing at her heart.

"Miss Clithero," Philip said at last, "I have something to say to you, and I have been trying all this time how best to put it, and my mind is a blank."

The throbbing of Bethel's heart grew so quick and loud that she almost heard it beat; but she leaned over to the water to hide her face, and said, in her happy voice,

"It must be something very dreadful, Captain Strachan, that requires so much preparation."

"Will you listen to me?" he said.

Bethel raised her eyes quickly to his face, and then dropped them as quickly. It was a pretty trick she had, that Captain Strachan had grown to recognize as part of herself; but now he held his hand over his eyes for a minute as if the sight hurt him, and Bethel sat on, in the sun-

shine, with a great flood of happiness in her restless heart.

"Do you ever take advice?" he said at last.

All at once the sunshine darkened before Bethel's eyes; she drew her hands out of the water and sat upright.

"Never," she answered.

Philip drew his brows together into an unmistakable frown. "Don't make it too hard for me, Miss Clithero," he said; "but, because we have known each other so long and so well, let me tell you something—give me the right of old friendship for once."

"I give you nothing," she said, and she spread out her empty hands, palm downward, with a gesture of pain; "but you can take what you like—you are strong."

Philip flushed all over his bronzed face, but he still spoke gently.

"Bethel—"

"Miss Clithero!" she interrupted.

"Well, Miss Clithero," he said, impatiently, "even *you* can make mistakes, I suppose; and I—no one could see you drifting into some great error without holding out a hand to stop you—could they?"

"Couldn't they?" she said, coldly; "I see no error, and I see no necessity for any warnings."

Again Philip hesitated, and then again he spoke.

"I *will* speak," he said, "although *you* hate me, and I despise myself for it. Miss Clithero, a fellow might be very fond of a girl, and all that, and yet it might not do."

He spoke with a quaver in his voice, that was low and passionate, but Bethel sat as still and silent as a marble statue.

"You see," he went on, desperately, "I know the fellow, and he has his good points; but—but there are better fellows in the world, and life is all before you."

Bethel lifted a white passionless face to his; there were no shy glances now—no pretty color coming and going beneath his eyes; but she made a movement as though she would have risen to her feet.

"Sit still, Miss Clithero; Bethel, are you mad?" he said; "you will upset the boat."

"What does it matter?" she said, in a bitter voice—"I should be better dead."

"Then I was too late," he answered.

She looked up at him with a wild, hunted, despairing look that cut him to the heart like a knife, then she cried, passionately,

"Row me home, Captain Strachan, and don't speak to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE third publication of the Cincinnati Observatory has appeared, in octavo form, uniform with Nos. 1 and 2. It comprises "micrometrical measures of 166 double and triple stars observed with the 11-inch refractor during the years 1875–76." The observations have been made by Professor STONE and his two assistants, Mr. HOWE and Mr. UPTON. The stars are nearly all situated between –15° and –35° of declination, and the preface informs us that the work of double-star observing will be prosecuted in this region. The observations are given in detail with the elements of reduction, and the preface contains a discussion of personality between the observed position angles of the three observers.

According to E. D. POTTER, Fish Commissioner of Ohio, the success of the experiment of introducing the salmon of California into the tributaries of Lake Erie is beyond peradventure, as the young fish are very frequently seen and taken in the Maumee and Sandusky rivers, where they were planted some time ago.

In the opinion of the Italian Scientific Association, Sir WILLIAM THOMSON is the foreigner who has contributed most to the advancement of science during the past year, and therefore they have awarded to him their MATTEUCCI prize.

A remarkable discovery of Roman coins of the third and fourth centuries has recently been made near Verona, Italy. Two large amphoræ, containing about 600 pounds in weight, were obtained. The pieces number over 50,000, and are mostly of bronze, though some are of silver, and others of bronze silvered ("*subærati*"). They range through the reign of GALLIENUS and his successors for about a hundred years. Most of them are in an excellent state of preservation, and many of them are so little worn as to appear to have come fresh from the mint and not to have been in circulation; the oldest ones, however, are more or less worn. A special agent, Signor PIGORINI, was dispatched by the Minister of Public Instruction of Italy to report upon the find. A first set is to be reserved for the museum at Verona, and the rest will be either exchanged in sets with other museums or sold, as may be hereafter determined.

Mr. EDWARD, "the learned shoe-maker," who has recently become quite well known to many of our readers in connection with his biography written by Mr. SMILES, and published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is receiving in his declining years the reward of his devotion to natural history. It may be recalled that he lately obtained a pension from the Queen of fifty pounds a year; and since then several institutions have been competing for his services—one at Aberdeen and another in Durham (the Durham University) extending to him invitations to become museum curator, while the Meteorological Society of London has endeavored to secure his services as one of its observers. On account of ill health he was obliged, however, to decline all these offers, although it is believed that he will consent to act for the Meteorological Society.

A Summer School of Biology, under the direction of the Peabody Academy of Science, will begin at Salem on the 6th of July, and continue six weeks. Wednesdays will be devoted to dredging trips, the remainder of the week being occupied in the laboratory, lectures, and excursions, the special object being to give instruction to teachers in methods of teaching natural history. Special attention will be given to entomology and to the anatomy of vertebrates. The instruction will be under the immediate direction of Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., assisted by Messrs. EMERTON, KINGSLEY, ROBINSON, and BOLLES.

Among recent announcements of scientific interest is that of a catalogue of the American paleozoic fossils, proposed by Mr. S. A. MILLER, of Cincinnati, the editor of the late *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Each of the genera and species will usually have the name of the author, date and place of publication, etymology, and stratigraphic relation. It will include about 12,000 names, and make a volume of 275 pages.

Messrs. BARRAND & LUND, of Cornhill, are now putting on the clock at the Bankers' Clearing-House a very simple electric control. A quadrant of a circle is cut through the figure XII., the centre being above the quadrant. Through this project two studs, suspended from the centre of the circle by two levers, which ordinarily hang wide apart, one at two minutes to and one at two minutes past the hour, both free from the minute-hand, but so attached to the armature of an electro-magnet that they fall down sharply when connection is made, and meet exactly at XII. They are long enough to engage the minute-hand, and will do so every hour by the help of a current from Greenwich, granting that the clock keeps time within two minutes per hour, or forty-eight minutes per day. This will act on the white minute-hand, which is permanently fixed five minutes in front of the black minute-hand, the bankers being allowed that grace. The control is patented.

The interesting question of a change in local climates, due to a change in the position of the earth's axis of rotation, seems to have been effectually set at rest, according to the address of Sir WILLIAM THOMSON; and the investigations of Professor TWISDEN also show that no important alteration can possibly be brought about by any reasonable transfer of land and water, nor by any probable elevations or depressions.

It is understood that the King of Sweden will place at the disposal of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, for his arctic expedition of 1878, the *Sophia*, the same steamer used by him during 1876, and that the funds will be supplied, as before, by Mr. OSCAR DIXON. It is intended to proceed as far as Behring Straits, if possible, by way of the Yenisei River. A full corps of scientific associates will accompany Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, among them several from Russia.

Sir EDWARD BELCHER, a well-known arctic explorer and hydrographer, died lately, in his seventy-ninth year.

To the list of States which have established a Fish Commission to carry out proper measures for improving the fisheries, Kansas is to be added. Mr. D. B. LONG, of Ellsworth, appointed Commissioner, is at present actively engaged in inquiring into the necessary steps for accomplishing the object in view.

A modification of the mercurial siphon barometer is proposed by Professor GUTHRIE, with the object of increasing its sensitiveness. In his barometer the long and short vertical tubes are connected by a long horizontal tube of small diameter, in which a bubble of air separates the two portions of the mercury. The movements of this bubble follow the changes of atmospheric pressure upon an enlarged scale.

Professor HENRY A. WARD, so well known by the magnitude of his operations in supplying museums and individuals with natural history specimens, is at present making very large collections for use in his business. During the month of February he was on the Red Sea, collecting corals, shells, and other marine objects in great numbers, and hoped to proceed to India and the Malay region, where his assistant, Mr. HORNIDAY, had been sent some time previously.

An arrangement has been concluded between the superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington and the Western Union Telegraph Company, for the purpose of disseminating the standard time, as determined daily by the Naval Observatory, to ship owners and masters, business men in general, railways, chronometer-makers and others, and to the public generally. In pursuance of this agreement, a time-ball of large size is to be dropped daily from the Broadway tower of the Western Union Telegraph Company's main office in New York. Arrangements will be made for controlling public clocks in New York city and other places, and also for distributing the noon signal of the United States Naval Observatory to various cities in the United States having more than 20,000 inhabitants.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MOVING-DAY is upon us with all its horrors. Instead of bright blossoms and wreaths and garlands and Maypoles and merry maidens dancing, our city eyes are forced to look upon dismantled rooms, dirty houses, carts piled with uncouth loads, and streets cluttered with repulsive piles of garbage and débris. No merry-making for us on May-day. Even those who are not personally involved in the transposition of their own goods and chattels can not escape the din and confusion, the commingling of carpet-beating and carpet-tacking, of rattling coal and broken crockery, nor avoid the encumbered sidewalks and unswept streets. The miseries of moving into new houses, with damp walls, undried paint, and unfinished plumbing, as well as the disheartening revelations of old houses, in the way of dirt, rubbish, vermin, and kindred disagreeables, have been experienced by thousands. And yet the tendency to change one's habitation remains. Present and known discomforts seem to many less easy to endure than the prospect of the unknown ones which a new residence conceals. Deeply hidden in our natures is that restless

> "spirit, Change,
> Shedding a passing glory still
> On all things new and strange."

But all changes are not undesirable; quite the contrary. For example, a change in our city from dirty to clean streets would be novel, delightful, and wholesome. And hopes arise that the annual street exhibition of moving-day débris may be exceedingly brief this year, and that summer may find New York prepared, so far as is possible, to prevent the extensive spread of the prevailing diseases of the season.

Norwegian papers bring details of a terrible calamity in the village of Ellingso. About twenty children had gathered in the second story of an unfinished log-house to be examined by the village school-master. The only means of access to the room was by a ladder through a window, the staircase not being finished. In the midst of the examination smoke and flames suddenly penetrated into the room. The master, in terror, rushed to the window, and found that the ladder had disappeared, thus cutting off means of escape. Scorched and blinded by the flames, he succeeded in throwing three of the children from the window, and then, unable to get hold of any more, he jumped from the window himself, breaking his leg by the fall. Sixteen perished, the floor giving way suddenly. The villagers were all out fishing, and no help could be procured in season to save them.

Livingstone Hall, so called after the great African explorer, is the name of a new building about to be erected at Nashville, Tennessee, in connection with Fisk University. It is to be built from funds secured by subscription in England by the leaders of the Jubilee Singers, and will be an elegant addition to this popular university for the education of the colored people of the South.

At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Fire Relief Association it was stated that 257 families, including 696 persons, had received aid from the Theatre Fund. There were still upon the books 119 open accounts, representing 436 persons, who were paid a semi-monthly allowance. The total subscriptions from all sources were $47,128 81, and the total payments made by the committee amounted to $20,108 05, leaving a balance of $27,020 76, of which $15,000 was in special deposit in the City Savings-Bank. Many applications have been made for expenses or damages so slight that the committee did not deem them serious enough to require relief. A new investigation of all the cases is soon to be made, for the purpose of striking from the list the names of all persons who no longer require assistance.

Somebody gravely inquires whether the war between Russia and Turkey will decide upon the comparative merits of the Russian and Turkish baths. Time will show.

The city parks are growing more beautiful every day, and it is refreshing to visit them. By-the-way, it was recently suggested in a lecture by Dr. Edward Seguin that trees possessing anti-malarial qualities be planted in the parks, in order to improve the healthfulness of the city. Many trees and shrubs were mentioned which possess hygienic qualities, and are also ornamental.

Hotels are beginning to post notices in conspicuous places announcing that "guests will find ropes at the ends of the halls in case of fire."

One of the most celebrated pictures by Jean Van Eyck was stolen, about ten weeks ago, from the Museum of Berlin. It is a small painting on wood representing the Virgin crowned, with the infant Jesus, in a Gothic church. This masterpiece of the most celebrated painter of the early Flemish school, to whom is attributed the invention of painting in oil, measures about twelve inches high by five and a half inches broad, and bears the signature, "Jean Van Eyck, Brugge." Most of his works, as is well known, are at Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Munich, and Berlin. The Louvre possesses two, the "Virgin crowned by an Angel," and the "Marriage Feast at Cana." The Museum of Berlin offers a reward of three hundred marks for the recovery of the painting.

The Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, is about seventeen years of age; the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen is about twenty-six. These young folks were recently betrothed. The prince is now serving in the Prussian army, and holds a captain's commission in the regiment of the Fusilier Guards. The state of which he will be the future ruler extends over about one thousand square miles, with a population numbering, in 1875, 194,484. The constitution of Saxe-Meiningen is described as a limited hereditary monarchy. The legislative power is vested in a Diet composed of four deputies elected by the great proprietors, four returned by the most heavily taxed persons, and sixteen chosen by the other inhabitants of the duchy. The present Duke is George II., his father, Duke Bernard, having abdicated during the war of 1866 in his favor, after Prince George had professed adhesion to the Prussian policy.

The Jumel estate, over which there has been and will continue to be much litigation, consists of about one hundred acres of land in the upper part of this city, worth something like $40,000 per acre. Sixty years ago the whole was purchased for $10,000.

The painter Marchal, whose recent death by his own hand has saddened the artistic world abroad, fell a victim to disappointed ambition and dread of coming evil. His first pictures were famous, and for many years he was a great favorite among literary and artistic men of Paris. A change in his political views caused him to violently oppose those who had been most helpful to him in his career, and this turned many of his friends from him, and gradually his pictures became less popular. His want of success discouraged him; moreover, he complained that his eyesight was failing, and that ruin would soon overtake him. He took little interest in working, and it is thought his mind became disordered by his habits of life. Since his death his works command a high price.

The London *Times* relates this instance of inhuman punishment: The students of a military school at Constantinople sent a petition to the Porte denouncing Midhat's banishment as unconstitutional, and soliciting his recall. The boys were marshaled into the school-yard and ordered to reveal the name of the author of the petition. One of them, a promising youth of twenty-two, stepped forward and avowed himself as the author. He was condemned early in April to receive 200 blows on the soles of his feet, and died after 105 blows had been administered.

Since the war, cotton has been the principal crop raised in Texas until comparatively recently, when attention has turned to the cultivation of wheat, which was grown in small quantities during the war. The success which has followed the experiments on wheat culture has brought into agitation the question whether Texas can not be developed into one of the great wheat-growing and food-exporting sections of the country. Last year thirteen counties produced 7,500,000 bushels of wheat, and it is estimated that this grain can be cultivated in 170 counties. Texas wheat is said to contain less water and more gluten than that which is grown farther north, and to be peculiarly suited for exportation to hot climates. Galveston, when her harbor is improved, meditates the export of wheat and flour to Brazil.

The other day some of Mr. Bergh's officers accidentally discovered sixteen cows cooped up in quarters about large enough for one cow. They were evidently fed on swill, and the condition of the cows themselves, and their surroundings, showed that their milk could be little else than poison. By relieving these creatures Mr. Bergh will relieve many poor children.

The quickest voyage ever made from Liverpool to New York was by the *Germanic*, of the White Star Line—seven days and eleven hours. Such a trip is certainly remarkable; yet surely, in these days of frequent steamboat disasters, the ambition to make the swiftest voyage is not so commendable as to make the safest one. A speedy trip is every way desirable for those crossing the ocean; but when competition begins to arise between different lines of steamers as to which can make the shortest trip, we may begin to expect even more frequent and more dreadful ocean catastrophes. A sense of security is the chief comfort in travelling, either by sea or land; and there are few who, when upon the ocean, would enjoy feeling that they are running a race merely to win the name of having made the "swiftest voyage."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THEY were out walking, enjoying the cool and refreshing air. The bright moon cast its rays over the lady, giving her an almost angelic appearance, and imparted to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft white hands rested in his, and ever and anon she met his ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her features; her full red lips trembled as if with suppressed sighs; the muscles of her faultless mouth became convulsed; she gasped for breath, and, snatching her hand from the soft pressure of his, she turned away, buried her face in her cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed.

A lady, whose cook went to a wake, was given notice by her a fortnight afterward that she was going to be married. "To whom?" asked the mistress. "Plase, ma'am, to the husband of the corpse." "Why, does he love you?" was the next question. "Oh yes, ma'am; he said I was the light of the funeral."

What sort of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

Mr. Moody says, If you can not be a light-house, be a candle. But, Mr. Moody, a candle is wick-ed.

The telephone will soon revolutionize domestic affairs, for the man, instead of blushingly telling his wife at the supper table that he will be detained at his office, can go down town and whisper through the telephone that it is lodge-night.

"Snobbs," said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the day after the ball—"Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the hall last night before you noticed me?" "Why, my dear," said the devoted Snobbs, "I was only practicing what we do at the table—reserving the best for the last."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones; "that's because the wind is from the sow-west."

ALTERED TIMES.—Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days, says a distinguished author, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after-years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

Why is the sea like a poor-house?—Because it is the home of the porpoise.

A quack doctor advertises, confidently, "People never cough after taking one bottle of my cough mixture."

"I came out of the accident," said he, "and who do you think was the first person I met?" "Who?" "Who but that same eternal prize-package peddler who had bored me for six hundred miles on the train; and he was the only one aboard who wasn't hurt some way."

"One more question, Mr. Parker. You have known the defendant a long time: what are his habits, loose, or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion." "You can stand down, Mr. Parker."

"I don't believe in fashionable churches," said a lady recently; "but, after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, perhaps it's better to keep up the social distinctions as long as we can."

A minister who had twice married the same couple—a divorce ensuing between the two marriages—remarked that he didn't wish to add a re-pairing department to his business.

"My son," said Mr. X——, kindly, to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the porter, the servant-girl, the coachman—to all the servants; thus you will come in time to be courteous to all people, even to your parents."

Herbert Spencer says the gold ring now worn by married people is the sign of the iron ring that was worn about the neck or ankle in olden times, and indicated the submission of the wearer. It is needlessly added it has no such signification now.

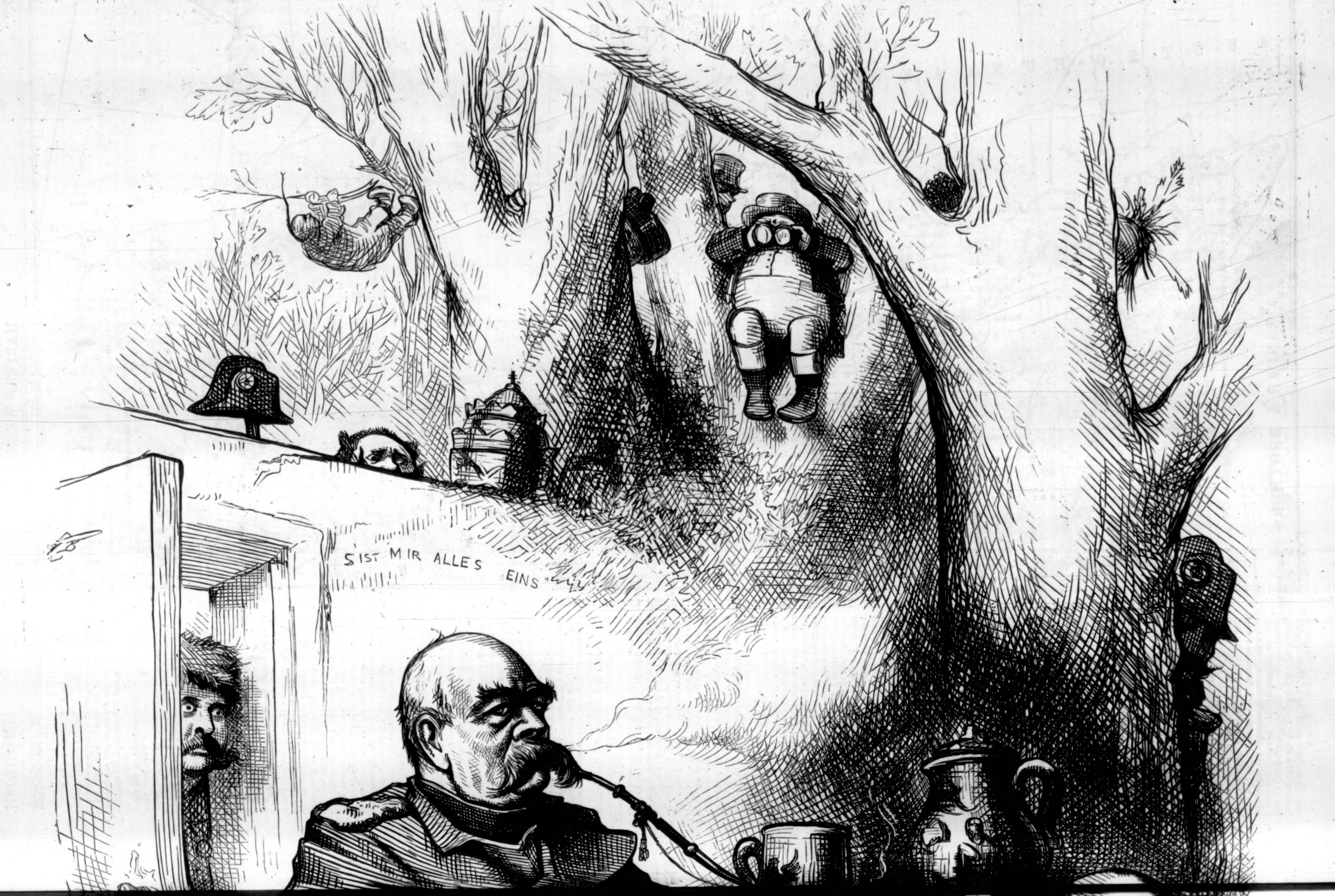
Solitaires, says a Western paper, are well enough in diamonds, but when it comes to pancakes, man reaches for clusters.

It can not but prepossess the minds of a liberty-loving people like ours, glorying in the grandeur of its free-school system, to hear a member of a board of education, after calmly rising in his seat, majestically waving his hand to the gentleman who preceded him, blandly remark, "Mr. Chairman, I ain't got no objection to this 'ere motion prevallin'."

A colored preacher in Alabama puts his foot on excessive bribery at elections, and crushes it. "Dis ting," he says, "ob gittin' a hundred dollars for a vote is all wrong. Ten dollars is as much as it's worf."

ADVANTAGES OF A PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.—"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin ye tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?" "Why—hem!—certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech." "La me!" remarked the old lady; "now just see what it is to have a physic edication. I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ar same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was, 'Kase they is.'"

TAKING A REST (?)—DIE WACHT AM—BISMARCK.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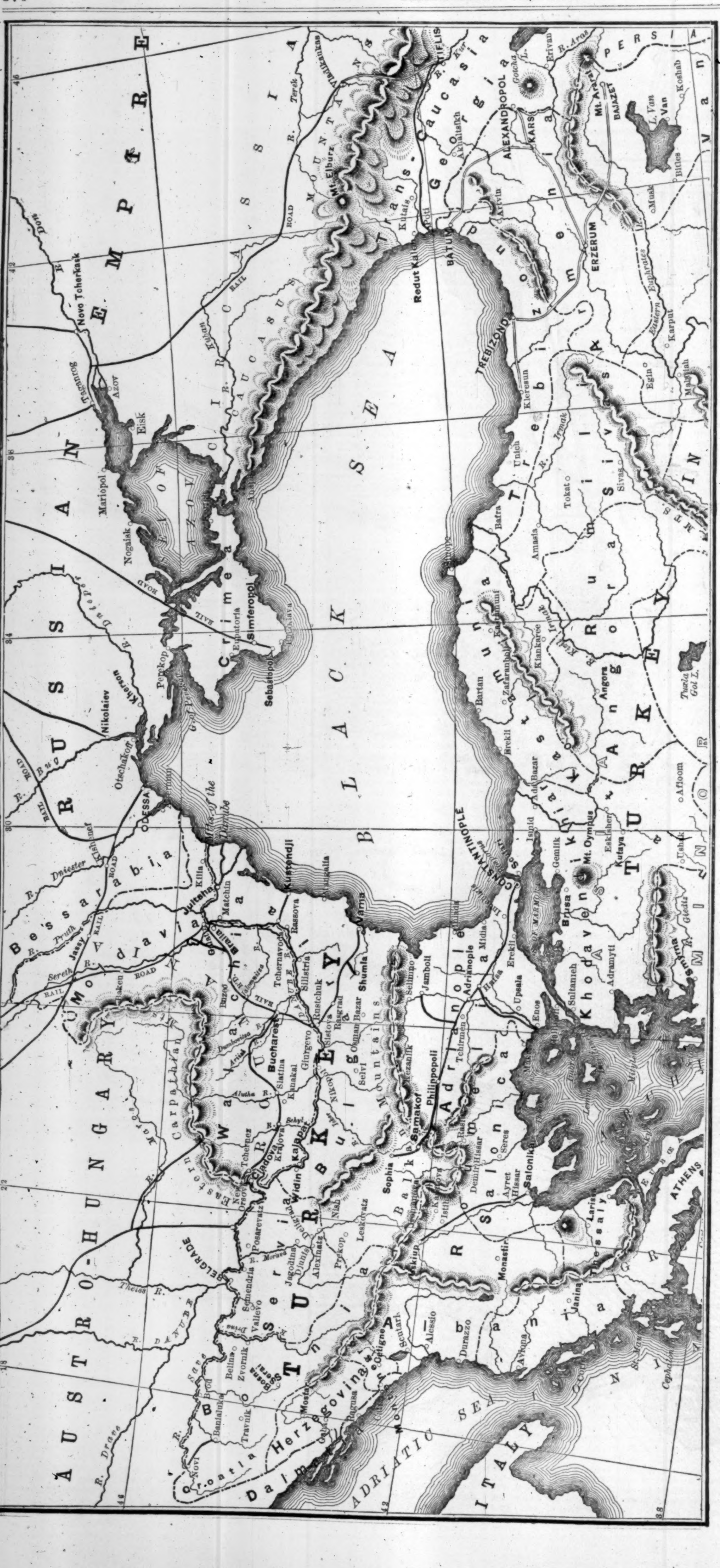


THE EASTERN QUESTION—THE TURKISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE AND ASIA.

THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

By MAJOR A. G. CONSTABLE.

In number 1047 of *Harper's Weekly*, January 20, 1877, there appeared an article designed to be explanatory of the causes which have led to the present disturbed state of the southeastern part of Europe, and the account of the complications was brought down to the meeting of the commissioners or plenipotentiaries of the Christian nations of that continent which took place at Constantinople in December of the past year.

It was believed that if all the powers would for once cordially unite in pressing upon the Turkish government the absolute necessity of a thorough change in the administration of the affairs of the country, the Turks would feel that the only course to be pursued, if the integrity of the empire was to be preserved, would be to yield a ready, if not a willing, obedience to the demands of Christian Europe.

The one fear expressed was that Russia would make such demands upon Turkey that the other powers parties to the Treaty of Paris (1856) would not be able to agree to press their acceptance upon Turkey, as by that treaty they were bound to maintain what is styled the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. This fear proved groundless, for, to the surprise of many, and the mortification of not a few, it was found at the preliminary meetings of the Conference that General IGNATIEFF, the Russian minister, was willing to accept such concessions from the Turks as would secure their Christian subjects from the oppression under which they had for centuries groaned. He asked in behalf of the Czar for no cession of territory, but he did demand that substantial guarantees should be exacted from the Sultan for immediate and precise justice to the Christian population.

Before the first full meeting of the Conference—for the Turkish representatives were not present at the preliminary consultations—the Sultan's ministers had with more than customary haste proclaimed a new Constitution for the whole empire; and it will be seen in the course of this necessarily brief sketch that this unexpected move gave the Turks a certain advantage in the resistance they were determined to offer to the suggestions of the Conference.

Even if space permitted, the reader would gain but small advantage from a lengthy detail of the labors of the Conference. We will, therefore, only glance at the two most important suggestions made to the Sultan's government, and which the Porte refused to adopt.

Russia had first recommended that Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina should be garrisoned by foreign troops, and overtures had been made to Belgium to supply the necessary force, but so many difficulties presented themselves to this scheme that it was dropped very early in the deliberations, and no more was heard of it.

The most important proposals of the Conference amounted to the following: That some control over their own affairs, by means of elective councils, should be given to the three provinces just named. Guarantees against maladministration and the exercise of arbitrary authority were demanded, the most useful, in the opinion of the Conference, being the nomination of the valis or governors of the provinces, to be selected with the consent of the powers, to be appointed for a fixed term of five years, and not to be removable except on proof of misconduct.

It may be said that the success of the Conference hinged on this point. Representative institutions might be looked on as a means of educating the people, in some perhaps distant future, to protect themselves, but no great results in the improvement of internal administration could be expected from their operation for many years to come. For the present the government in Turkey must be personal, if there is to be any government at all; and on the ability and honesty of the individual governor the happiness of the people must depend. The representatives of the Christian powers argued that unfortunately the prevailing Turkish system is rather calculated to exclude these qualities in a governor than to secure them. A capable man will sometimes be appointed in emergencies, but as an ordinary rule, favoritism and corruption determine the exercise of patronage. The caprice, however, to which a governor is subject during the tenure of his office is far more noxious than the motives to which he owes it. He knows that it is at the mercy of an intrigue, and that if he inspires, in the course of his administration, any enmity sufficiently strong to elicit the offer of a larger bribe to procure his removal than he can pay to avert it, his removal is a certainty. The last thing, therefore, of which he thinks is an attack upon exactions or oppressions in which rich men are interested. He prefers to take a share of the profits, for the purpose of getting back the amount of the bribes he has himself paid.

The Christian members of the Conference knew that unless this abuse could be arrested, all plans for improving the government of the provinces would fail. The hopelessness of finding any restraint upon it, excepting in something external to the Turkish government, justified the Conference in advocating so exceptional a measure as that of admitting the interference of the powers in the appointment of governors, and of securing them in their offices, during good behavior, for a certain term of years.

The Turkish representatives opposed this concession on the ground that it was wholly inconsistent with the independence of the Porte, and that a sufficient check upon the abuses it was designed to remedy was afforded by the new Constitution. To these objections it was replied that the independence of the Ottoman Porte was a phrase capable of different interpretations; that Turkey was not independent in the sense in which the other powers of Europe are independent; that

the Crimean War, which saved the Porte from destruction twenty years ago, and the very Conference itself then being held to avert a similar danger, would have been unnecessary interference if Turkey had been a power which did not depend on the protection of others for its existence.

To every important suggestion made by the various representatives the Turkish members had one reply, namely, that the new Constitution would remedy all and every existing evil. Such being the spirit of the Turks, arguments were useless, and the Conference broke up without any result whatever.

The endeavors to prevent a rupture between Russia and Turkey did not end with the Conference, and it is only justice to the sincerity of the Czar to believe that he had some hope in the success of what is in diplomatic language styled a protocol, which was the next and latest form the endeavor assumed. Drawn up by Russia, and signed by all the powers taking part in the Conference, excepting Turkey, the protocol was explicit enough. It said plainly to the Porte that if it did not amend its rule, or misrule, of the Christian population, the powers would interfere. It was a distinct abrogation of the Treaty of Paris (1856), for it reserved a right of interference in the domestic affairs of Turkey—a right which was expressly disclaimed in that treaty.

This protocol embraced a project for the joint disarming of Russia and Turkey, and was signed by England with a written declaration that if there was not this reciprocal disarmament, and peace ensuing, then the protocol in question shall be regarded as null and void. Count SCHOUVALOFF also made a declaration on signing, in these words: "If peace with Montenegro is concluded, and the Porte accepts the advice of Europe, and shows itself ready to replace its forces on a peace footing, and seriously to undertake the reforms mentioned in the protocol, let it send to St. Petersburg a special envoy to treat of disarmament, to which his Majesty the Emperor would also on his part consent."

It is said that there must be two parties to a quarrel, and presumably there must be the same to its settlement, and Turkey could not or would not agree to the cession of certain territory which the little state of Montenegro demanded as its price.

Turkey could not consent to put her army on a peace footing while Montenegro showed this combative disposition; besides, there was still every indication that the revolt in Bosnia and the Herzegovina was smouldering and not subdued. These facts the Sultan stated in his reply to a request to sign the protocol, at the same time haughtily and indignantly repudiating the assumption that the other powers of Europe had any right to interfere between him and any of his subjects.

This decisive reply would appear to have ended the last faint hopes of peace. Diplomacy had failed, and the war manifesto of the Czar has caused no surprise.

The declaration of war is dated at Kischeneff, in Bessarabia, April 23, and is a plain statement of the causes and reasons which have led up to it; the moderation of tone and the absence of all bombast are quite remarkable in such a paper, emanating from the Autocrat of All the Russias.

The manifesto, however, contains not a single word as to the extent of the punishment to be inflicted on Turkey for her truculent obstinacy. The Emperor has heretofore been somewhat profuse in his declarations that he has no desire to obtain any accession of territory, but in his address to the army he simply reminds it "that the moment, foreseen when we pronounced words to which all Russia responded with complete unanimity, has now arrived. We expressed the intention to act independently when we deemed it necessary, and when Russia's honor should demand it." And he closes with the ominous words: "In now invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give them the order to cross the Turkish frontier."

If our readers will refer to the map on the preceding page, in connection with this article, they will arrive at a tolerably clear understanding of the position of the Turks liable to be first assailed.

The Russians have to march across the Roumanian Principality, but in which direction it is at present impossible to say. We only know that the main body of the army is in and around Kischeneff, or, as it is on our map, Kishenef, some distance from the river Pruth, the dividing line between the two countries. No resistance can be effectually offered until the Danube is reached, and in the probable state of the roads in that region, the progress must be slow, so that it may be some time yet before the actual conflict commences. It would be the merest speculation to hazard conjecture at what point on the Danube the Russian army will obey the Czar's order to cross the Turkish frontier, for an entry into Roumania, only a nominal dependency of Turkey, can scarcely be considered an invasion of the Ottoman Empire.

It may be permitted, however, to glance at the respective strength and resources of the combatants, and the conditions upon which they enter on the war.

Russia has two immense armies in the field—one in Europe, in the position named; the other at Tiflis, in Georgia, on the borders of Asiatic Turkey. Report says that the first numbers 300,000 men; the other, 150,000 to 200,000. And if reliance is to be placed on the stories of war correspondents, these armies are in a remarkable state of efficiency. It must be remembered, however, that the daily muster-rolls of an army never correctly represent the actual number of combatants. A considerable percentage may be deducted when considering the numbers available for active operations in the field, so that when the Danube is reached it is only reasonable to estimate the actual fighting force of Russia at not more than 225,000 men. And this is about double the force with which WITTGENSTEIN entered Turkey in 1828, and is the precise number with which, according to the German Marshal VON MOLTKE, there would be any chance of a successful invasion of the country.

It is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of the forces which the Sultan has at his command to meet the foe. Some writers who appear to be well informed place the Turkish army, regular and irregular, at 600,000 men, all admirably equipped and eager for the fight. Others, with apparently the same means of information, reduce the force one-half, asserting that they are miserably deficient both in *morale* and material.

One thing is certain, the finances of both the combatants are in a condition the reverse of flourishing, and if, from any cause, such as Austria and England being drawn into the fight, which some very competent observers consider highly probable, the war be prolonged beyond a few weeks, the exhaustion of the exchequers alike of Russia and Turkey will be complete.

It would surprise no student of military history if the first important encounters should take place in Asia, where, as has been said, the Russians have a very large force, outnumbering the Turks probably five to one; for there it would appear as if the Porte considered the natural difficulties of the country so great and the fortified places so strong as to require fewer men for defense than the line of the Danube and the Balkans.

In 1829 PASKEVITCH, the Russian general, had occupied Akhaltsikh, now a Russian possession, Kars, and Erzeroum, the most important fortified places belonging to Turkey, and was at one time within forty-six miles of Trebizond, on the Black Sea. What was done then by Russia with very inferior forces, and Persia in her rear, avowedly unfriendly, may be accomplished again with infinitely superior forces, and Persia as an ally.

Armenia is a country very little known, and our readers will thank us for drawing their attention to a small but excellent little book, which gives much information in a very pleasant, agreeable style—*Armenia: a Year at Erzeroom, etc.*, by the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, published some time since by HARPER & BROTHERS.

As this sketch goes to press, the long-threatened war has commenced, but

"What the end of it shall be,
Nor king nor writer knoweth."

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

ON our first page this week we give the portrait of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, who is in command of the Russian Army of the Danube. He is the third son of the Czar NICHOLAS, and is reputed to be the least talented of all the princes of the imperial house. In his campaign against the Turks he is, however, well supported by his chief of staff, General NEPOKOYTZISKI, a Pole by birth, who has the reputation of being one of the most capable officers of high rank in the Russian army. A biographical sketch of the Grand Duke appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for February 3.

NEW BOOKS.

HARPER & BROTHERS have in press and will shortly publish an important work, entitled *Creeds of Christendom*, by the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. It will be in three octavo volumes, and will present a thorough and exhaustive historical account of the rise, progress, and present condition of all the various phases of Christian belief that have been embodied in organized forms from the dawn of the present era down to our own day. Dr. Schaff combines profound, exact, and comprehensive scholarship with the mastery of a clear and fluent style of writing, and the power to present in an attractive form every subject on which he treats. As a good specimen of the style of his present work, we quote from its pages the following admirable analysis of the "character of Methodism:"

Methodism is the most successful of all the younger offshoots of the Reformation. In one short century it has become one of the largest denominations in England, and the largest in the United States, with missionary stations encircling the globe.

The founders were admirably qualified for their work, and as well fitted together as the Reformers. John Wesley was one of the greatest preachers and organizers, and in the abundance of his labors perhaps the most apostolic man that England ever produced. As a revivalist of practical religion he may be called the English Spener; as an organizer, the Protestant Ignatius Loyola. His brother Charles occupies, next to Watts, the first place in English hymnology, and sung Methodism into the hearts of the people. Whitefield, the orator and evangelist, kindled a sacred fire in two hemispheres which burns to this day. Their common, single, and sole purpose was to convert sinners from the service of Satan to the service of God, by means of incessant preaching, praying, and working. For this end they were willing to spend and be spent, to be ridiculed, reviled, pelted and hooted by mobs, maltreated by superiors, and driven from the church into the street; for this they would in another age have suffered torture, mutilation, and death itself as cheerfully as the Puritans did before them. The practical activity of these great and good men was equaled only by that of the Reformers in the theoretic sphere. During the fifty years of his itinerant ministry, John Wesley travelled "a quarter of a million of miles, and preached more than forty thousand sermons." Charles Wesley composed over six thousand religious poems, in the study, on the horseback, in bed, and in his dying hour. Whitefield, besides travelling through England, Ireland, and Scotland, made seven evangelistic voyages to America, turning the ship into a church, and "preached in four-and-thirty years upward of eighteen thousand sermons, many of them to enormous crowds, and in the teeth of brutal persecution." A day before his death he preached his last sermon of nearly two hours' length in the open air, "weary *in* the work, but not *of* the work," of his Lord. Fletcher labored in a more restricted sphere, as Vicar of Madeley, but just as faithfully and devotedly, visiting his people and the poor ignorant colliers early and late, in rain and snow, studying intensely, living all the while on bread and cheese or fruit, and exhibiting an angelic type of character, so that Wesley, from a personal acquaintance of more than thirty years, gave him the testimony that "he never heard him speak an improper word or saw him do an improper action," and that he never knew a man "so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable in every respect." The pioneers of American Methodism were animated by the same zeal. Bishop Asbury, "in the forty-five years of his American ministry, preached about 16,500 sermons, or at least one a day, and travelled about 270,000 miles, or 6000 a year, and presided in no less than 224 annual conferences, and ordained more than 4000 preachers." He was ordained bishop (1784) when the number of American Methodists fell below 15,000, and he died (1816) when it exceeded 211,000, with more than 700 itinerant preachers.

Methodism owes its success to this untiring zeal in preaching the gospel of the new birth and a "full and free salvation" to the common people, in churches, chapels, and the open air, and to its peculiar methods and institutions—itinerancy, missionary bishops, presiding elders, lay helpers, class-meetings, camp-meetings, conferences, and systematic collections. Methodism, as Dr. Chalmers characterized it, is "Christianity in earnest." It works powerfully upon the feelings; it inspires preachers and members with enthusiasm; it gives every man and woman too a distinct vocation and responsibility; it "keeps all at work and always at it," according to Wesley's motto; it knows nothing of churches without ministers, or ministers without charges, as long as there are sinners to be converted in any corner of the globe. Methodism is better organized than any other Protestant denomination, and resembles in this respect the Church of Rome and its great monastic orders. It is a powerful rival of that Church. It has an efficient machinery with an abundance of steam, and is admirably adapted for pioneer work in a new country like America. It is a well-disciplined army of conquest, though not so good an army of occupation, since it allows so many "to fall away from grace," not only temporarily, but even "totally and finally." Till 1872 the laity was excluded from participation in Church government (and is so still in England), but was compensated by a large liberty in the sphere of worship, in class-meetings, band-meetings, love-feasts, which tend to develop the social and emotional element in religion.

—A recent addition to the "Leisure Hour Series," published by Henry Holt & Co., is *Lorley and Reinhard*, translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS from the German of AUERBACH. About thirty years ago Auerbach published three delightful stories designed to give faithful pictures of the simple village life of the German people. To each of these stories he has now written a sequel, bringing in the same characters, or as many of them as he chose, for artistic purposes, to keep alive during the interval, and of course introducing some new ones, to show by clear contrast the changes made in German life by political, industrial, and social developments. Each pair of stories is issued in a separate volume, and this is the second of the set, the first, published some weeks ago, being *The Convicts and their Children*. Auerbach's stories are deservedly popular both in Germany and in America. He could not find a better translator than the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, who knows how to turn the German into correct and elegant English without losing the characteristics of the author's style.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 13.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday, 20.—Whit-Sunday.
Monday, 21.—Whitsun-Monday.
Sunday, 27.—Trinity-Sunday.

As we write, the meetings held by Mr. MOODY in Boston for nearly four months are drawing to a close. It is no exaggeration to say that the interest felt in them by the people of the city and its vicinity has increased from week to week. At first there was great curiosity to see and hear the evangelists who had succeeded in making such a deep impression upon nearly every capital of the English-speaking world. Curiosity satisfied, there was for a brief period a falling off of interest. In time the power of their simple appeals began to be felt, and meetings sprang up spontaneously in all parts of the city. A temperance revival has kept pace with the religious revival. Hundreds have been added to the churches. On Sunday, April 29, Mr. MOODY expects to close the Tabernacle services, but will remain to conduct inquiry meetings.

No one can fail to perceive the broad humanity of Mr. MOODY'S addresses. To every man his word is a word of hope. He believes that no one need despair of aid from the Divine helper, and infuses his own confidence into the hearts of his fellows. There are in his methods lessons of faith and courage for all ministers, which many of them will no doubt study to good profit. Of the effect of the temperance element in this Boston work the following story is told: A brewer of the city recently told a lady "that the sales had dropped off 50,000 barrels within a few months, and that it was because a man can't drink a glass of lager-beer without being challenged for it by a lady."

It is stated that the Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH will resign the living of St. James's, Hatcham, and that his brother, who is the patron, will nominate the vicar's curate, the Rev. W. H. BROWNE, as successor.

The ceremonies of the Papal Jubilee will begin in Rome early in May. On the 10th the Pope will receive the English deputation; the Bishops of Clifton, Southwark, and Nottingham will lead the English pilgrims. Parties of American and Canadian Catholics have already embarked from New York. On the 31st of May the Jubilee begins. As to the ability of the Pope to bear up under the fatigue which he must undergo during this festival, opinions differ. He has rallied from his last attack, but is now carried through the corridors of the Vatican Palace.

The temperance enthusiasm, which is mainly religious in its complexion, is increasing all over the country. In this State, Buffalo, Elmira, Corning, and Hornellsville have been especially noted for the great numbers of their pledge-signers. In Ohio and Michigan the "reform clubs" increase very rapidly. Mr. MURPHY awakens the same interest in Philadelphia as formerly in Pittsburg. The decision of the Court of Appeals of this State has aroused the activity of both parties—the temperance men and their opponents. Representatives of each party are to be found at Albany. The judgment of the court, which places the "liquor saloons" out of the pale of the law, was unanimous.

After much confusing statement, the facts in regard to the recent vote of the people of New Hampshire on the amendments to their Constitution have been proclaimed by the Governor of the State. He announces that the first and twelfth amendments were not adopted. The question on the first was in these words: "Do you approve of striking out the word 'Protestant' in the Bill of Rights?" The seventh amendment was adopted by seven votes only above the required majority of two-thirds. It abolished the religious test as a qualification for office.

A debt-paying epidemic is one against the spread of which no precautions need be taken. A church debt-paying epidemic is doubly welcome in these sorely trying times. Mr. EDWARD KIMBALL, of San Francisco, succeeded in the space of four weeks in raising $120,000 for the relief of distressed churches there. Being afterward in the Central Presbyterian Church of Denver, Colorado, the pastor secured his help to raise $30,000 to clear the debt of that church. The congregation, wholly surprised, were incredulous of success. Mr. KIMBALL took charge of the meeting, and after a session of six hours the thing was done. Mr. KIMBALL should travel Eastward. And yet this needed work has already been well begun in the Eastern cities. Dr. JOHN HALL'S congregation recently contributed $175,000 to pay off borrowed money.

The late allocution of the Pope, in which he denounced the proposed Italian law for the repression of clerical abuses, has evoked expressions of feeling from friend and foe. The Spanish Catholics have replied in an address of great warmth. "We promise," they say, "never to make peace with the enemies of the Vicar of Christ; we detest and abhor all errors condemned by your Holiness, and more especially those of Liberal Catholicism." The French Catholics have addressed a petition to Marshal M'MAHON, in which they ask him "to employ all the means in his power to make the independence of the Holy Father respected." The Catholic Unions of England and Ireland have also issued addresses. The French government, obviously for political reasons, forbade the meeting of the Catholic Congress of France as a public assembly. The Paris committee was dissolved by M. SIMON. The Congress, gathered as a private company, was, however, the scene of great enthusiasm. The speeches show that it was the intention of the managers to make its late session a strong demonstration for the Pope and against Italy. The precautions taken by the government were not unnecessary.

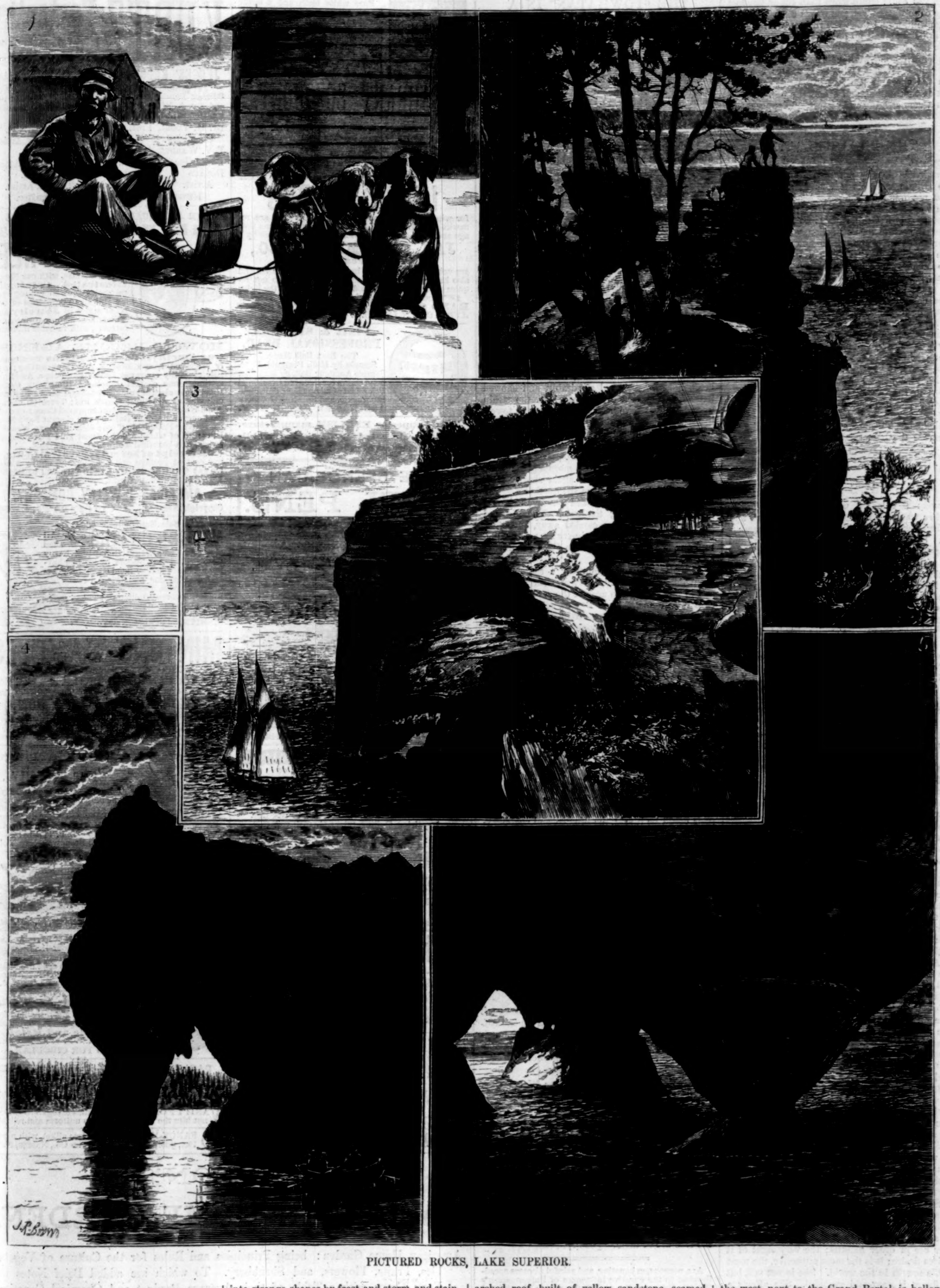
The Sixty-first Annual Meeting of the American Bible Society will be held at the Bible House on Thursday, May 10. In place of the usual anniversary services, a sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, on Sunday evening, May 6.

The address of eighty English clergymen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking for the complete independence of the State Church, has created great sensation. The *Times* ridicules the address; the other papers see in it a sign of a coming revolution. Among the signers of the address are several deans.

The ranks of the ministry in some of the Churches are overcrowded. The obvious remedy is to raise the standard of qualifications. The Presbytery of New York, judging that intending ministers are admitted to the sacred office without sufficient examination, has appointed a committee of twenty, to be divided into four subcommittees, who are to have supervision of all candidates under the care of the Presbytery. These committees will examine the candidates at such times as they deem best, and will report to the Presbytery. It is said that examinations by Presbytery are often a mere sham. Another requirement to be made is the delivery of a sermon before the Presbytery, that the candidate's ability to preach may be proved. That a preacher should be able to preach is a very obvious requirement, but it is often overlooked.

Dean STANLEY is always fresh and suggestive, if not profound. His catholicity of temper inclines him to seek for grounds of agreement among Christian men, who imagine that their differences are irreconcilable. In his valedictory address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews he discusses in this spirit the theological controversies of our age. He would find the solution of many of them in a more precise definition of terms, of which an excellent example was given in the Bonn Conference. There was found at the Conference a middle ground on which both the Greek and the Western Churches may stand when they define the Trinity. His proposed method of settlement of the debate between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy would hardly be accepted by extreme Churchmen. "There is much to be said for Presbyterianism," is the language of the dean, "there is much to be said for Episcopacy, but there is more to be said for the secondary, temporary, accidental character of both, when compared with the general principles to which they each minister." Dean STANLEY'S Broad-Churchmanship enables him without effort to come into close sympathy with the Presbyterian Churches.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "POWHATAN" IN A CYCLONE OFF HATTERAS.—From a Sketch by G. T. Douglass, U. S. N.—[See Page 374.]



PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

LAKE SUPERIOR SKETCHES.

THE above interesting and picturesque sketches were made along the range of sandstone cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. They are in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, on the south shore of the lake, about one hundred miles from the Sault Ste. Marie. The proper season to visit them is summer. In winter the only available means of travel are dog-sledges and snow-shoes. The mails are carried on sledges over the trackless waste of snow, and, as may be imagined from sketch No. 1, this is not a peculiarly enjoyable mode of locomotion.

The rocks derive their name from the great diversity of colors they display. They are worn into strange shapes by frost and storm, and stained by a thousand dyes in every possible variety of arrangement, far beyond the power of words to correctly describe, and all this profusion is repeated mile after mile, keeping up the interest by some new prospect of sweeping curve, or abrupt angle, or fantastic form. Sketch No. 2, the "Castle," the first of the more striking features of the rocks, bears at a distance a great resemblance to an ancient castle, with walls, towers, and battlements.

But the principal feature of the rocks is the magnificent cave known as the "Grand Portal," the entrance to which is shown in sketch No. 3. Let the reader imagine himself in a room 400 feet long by 180 wide, and 150 to 200 feet high to the arched roof, built of yellow sandstone, seamed with decay, and dripping with water. Shout, and the voice is multiplied a hundredfold by echoes that reverberate several seconds, sharp, metallic. Here the stratum of gravel rises about fifty feet, while at the Castle it is nearly down to the water-level. The waters are undermining the foundations, and wearing holes every where in the support of the walls and roof, and some day the sandstone will be entirely cut through, and the immense roof come down into the waves, to be carried away in sand. The water in the cave increases in depth as you go out toward the lake, from the bare rocks of the back end to about fifty feet at the opening, and a few rods from the shore it is a hundred feet or more. The cliff on the west, next to the Grand Portal, is hollowing out, forming an immense cave, increasing every year.

The interior of the Grand Portal is shown in sketch No. 5. "It is beyond the power of the pencil," says a recent traveller, "to represent the effect of the reflected light in the roof as seen from the rear. Especially when the sun is toward the west the bright light is reflected back from the waves into the cavern, and undulates like a sea of light overhead: a picture in living colors, so tender, so quiet—luminous, pearly grays, bright flashes, cool high lights, all warmed by the yellow sandstone, dripping with water, on which the effect is thrown. This would be an awful place in a storm. There is no rock on

which you could climb more than six or ten feet above calm water-level, and waves coming in with a high wind would wash the rocks for a hundred feet in height; and no one could possibly live a single day, much less during a storm of a week."

In sketch No. 4 we have a representation of a rock called "Basalt Dyke." It stands 225 feet from the shore, is 125 feet in height, eight feet thick at the bottom, and six at the top. It presents a very striking and picturesque appearance.

THE BREASTPLATE.

IMPERIAL Cæsar, king of men
(*Imperator* he was not then),
To Britain with his legions went,
But not upon its conquest bent;
He went there to demand its pearls—
Not to adorn Calphurnia's brow,
Nor the white necks of Roman girls,
For these were nothing to him now:
He went because he made a vow
To Venus—once her worshiper—
That he would consecrate to her
A great pearl breastplate—and Jove knows
She needed one! But you need none,
Marguerite, for you are one of those
Whom Venus never smiled upon:
You never wore the cestus—*that*
By some dear hand might be undone;
For when young hearts go pitapat—
But yours, if you have one, does not.
Without a heart you were begot,
Born in the breastplate that you wear,
You fairest, coldest of the fair!

Behold me kneeling at your feet—
Remove the breastplate, Marguerite!

R. H. STODDARD.

MOLIÈRE'S MARRIAGE.

AMONG the ladies who joined the *Illustre Théâtre* was one named Madeleine Béjart, and she had never quitted Molière in all his wanderings. She was his friend and confidante, and possessed great influence over him; some say they were united by closer ties than friendship. Be that as it may, she had a young sister, Armande Béjart, who was a child when she first joined the troupe, but who afterward became one of its members. Molière conceived a violent attachment for this girl, and ultimately married her. There were various stories circulated about this marriage; some said that Armande was Madeleine's daughter, by a gentleman of Avignon, to whom she was secretly married; others went so far as to report that she was Molière's own child! It was this latter atrocious calumny that Montfleury laid before the king. Molière deigned no public reply, but it is evident that he fully satisfied his Majesty, for two months afterward the king, together with Henriette d'Orléans, held at the baptismal font the comedian's first child, and gave it the name of Louis. It was a noble reply to his traducers. As a further proof of esteem, his Majesty conferred upon him a pension of a thousand livres.

The union was an unhappy one. Molière was many years her senior; she had little affection for him; his great fame and high position were probably the only incentives to the marriage. That he was devotedly attached to her is beyond a doubt, but there is something to be said upon both sides. He was very jealous, and it is to be feared he had ample cause to be so. She was a thorough coquette, with very little heart, and treated her husband very badly at times. But one smile of affection could always dispel his anger.

He was evidently a most exacting man in domestic life:

"A window opened or shut before or after the time he had ordered would put him in convulsions; if a book was disarranged, it was enough to throw him off his work for a fortnight; he had few domestics with whom he did not find fault; those of his friends who were the most precise were those whom he most esteemed."

In all his habits he observed the manners of a *grand seigneur;* he would not have arranged the folds of his cravat with his own hands, and exacted an observance as punctilious from his valets as though he had been the king himself. These peculiarities throw some light upon his domestic grievances.

Be it as it may, he was Sganarelle at home as well as upon the stage, and, after making every possible deduction, Madame Molière was a very bad wife. Of her personal appearance he has bequeathed us a portrait in that of Lucile, of which she was the original, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme:*

"She has small eyes, but they are full of fire, the most brilliant and the most piercing in the world; the most melting that one could see. She has a large mouth, but it has charms that you never see in other mouths; the very sight of it inspires desire; it is the most attractive, the most lovable mouth in the world. She is not tall, but her figure is easy and graceful. She affects a nonchalance in her speech and her actions, and her manners have I know not what charm that insinuates them into every heart. She has the finest and most delicate wit. Her conversation is charming. She is as capricious as it is possible to be. But her caprices become her."—*Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* act iii., scene 9.

Tutored by her husband, she was an admirable actress. "Her voice," says a contemporary, "was so pathetic that she had truly in her heart the passion which was only in her mouth."

At length their disagreements rose to such a height as to be no longer endurable, and they separated, still living under the same roof, however; to come together again only one year before his death.

THE "POWHATAN" IN A CYCLONE.

THE United States sloop of war *Powhatan*, commanded by Captain T. SCOTT FILLEBROWNE, sailed from New York for Port Royal on Wednesday, April 11. The weather was perfect until Friday morning, when a heavy gale was encountered off Cape Hatteras. By eleven o'clock the wind had increased to such a degree, and the weather was so thick, that the *Powhatan* was hove to thirty miles northeast of Cape Lookout, with her head to the eastward, so as to keep away from the shoals off the coast. The ship was put under fore storm stay-sail and reefed try-sails. The wind continued to increase until 6 P.M., when it became a hurricane, blowing away the reefed main try-sail, the fore having been taken in to keep the ship up to the wind. The storm-mizzen was kept on her, and the engines were making from six to eight revolutions per minute.

The barometer at this time was 29.40, and steadily falling, and the wind east by north, having hauled from the east-southeast. The sea had by this time become very heavy, breaking incessantly on the ship, and flying as high as the tops, and rendering the forward part of the ship invisible from aft. The spray was perfectly blinding, and swept across the deck like drifting shot, making it almost impossible for the officers and men to expose their faces a moment to the fierce blasts. The seas were confused and irregular, the ship pitching very heavily—eleven degrees, as shown by the tell-tale—and rolling deeply. The old craft, however, behaved admirably, and showed herself a remarkable sea boat; but the strain upon her must have been immense, as the towering seas buffeted her on all sides. At times they would appear to come in from every quarter of the compass, striking on the bow, the stern, and on both sides at the same time.

About three o'clock next morning the wind began to lull, but came out again shortly after with increased violence from the northeast. The barometer at this time marked 29.06—the lowest point reached during the gale. The gig and whale-boat astern were carried away, and other boats were damaged by the heavy seas. Our picture on page 372 represents the *Powhatan* during this part of the cyclone.

About ten Saturday morning a sad accident occurred. The port fore-stay was carried away, and in putting a strap around the cat-head to secure the foremast, ADAM BIRBIG, seaman, a very valuable man, was swept off by a sea and was lost. Nothing could be done to save him, under the perilous and trying circumstances, and he was quickly swallowed up by the seething waves.

The storm continued with unabated violence until Sunday morning, when it began to lull, and before noon the *Powhatan* resumed her course, and reached Port Royal in safety, April 17. She was admirably handled during the cyclone, and great credit is due to the chief engineer and his assistants for the manner in which they discharged their duties under the most trying circumstances. The ship was battened down and hove to for forty hours, and during that time the heat and gas in the fire and engine rooms were suffocating. Many of the firemen and coal-heavers fell senseless at their posts and were taken out, and it seemed almost impossible to keep up steam. To their credit be it said, the firemen and coal-heavers behaved with extraordinary coolness and nerve.

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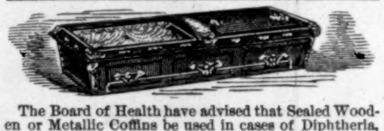

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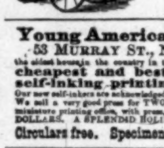

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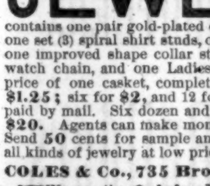

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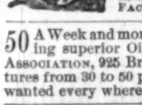

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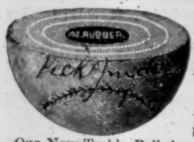

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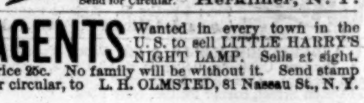

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SERVES HIM RIGHT.

"SINGLE or double, life's full of trouble," hath an ancient proverb well said. Our engraving on this page represents one form in which misery can attack an old bachelor. No matter what a man's talent, or education, or experience may be, it is impossible for him to struggle successfully with a hole in a stocking. There are difficulties connected with it which feminine genius alone can combat. It has peculiarities unshared by any rent or aperture that ever appears in any other description of garment. If any other part of the attire meets with misfortune, and requires to be reconstructed by the aid of needle and thread, the materials are all there. If the disaster takes the shape of a plain slit, if its edges are as jagged as a streak of lightning, or if it appears in the form of an old-fashioned winklehawk, it is nevertheless only an affair of a simple seam, and no very great talent for sewing is required. But a hole in a stocking is an entirely different matter. Here there are no two areas of material with sharply marked shore lines, distinct capes and bays and peninsulas nicely fitting into each other, to guide the mender and show him where and how to put them together. In the stocking a single thread breaks. Nothing is lost, nothing is gone, and yet instantly there is vacancy, vacuum. Not a shred of cotton, not a filament of wool, has disappeared, yet there is the hole, round as a circle, empty as space, enigmatical, bewildering, disheartening. The question is now how it can be filled up. It is one with which no masculine intellect should attempt to grapple. The mind of man may be equal to the invention of the electric telegraph, he may build great cities, and measure the distance to the sun, but the intricacies of darning a hole in a stocking are beyond the uttermost limits of his genius. He is more helpless than a spider. The latter could go to work and spin a web over the orifice, and thus repair it neatly if not substantially. But only the deft fingers of a woman can really do the work as it ought to be done. She alone knows how to gather up those recalcitrant stitches, how to wiggle and twist and coax a needle in and out until every one is caught, and then how to weave the thread backward and forward, in, across, and around, until the offending hole has disappeared, and the stocking is once more in condition to be worn. It may have been that women were expressly created for the purpose of contending with this stocking difficulty. But the discussion of this question would carry us away from the purpose of our article. She is, however, the only means so far discovered of getting the thing done properly, and will also remain so, notwithstanding the fact that some would-be benefactor of the human race has recently invented a darning machine. But its operation is so tedious and the work so clumsy that women can well afford to sneer at so contemptible a rival.

It is impossible to sympathize with the bachelor in our engraving. Man, being a stocking-wearing animal, can not afford to be a misogamist. The unanimous sentiment must be, "Serves him right."

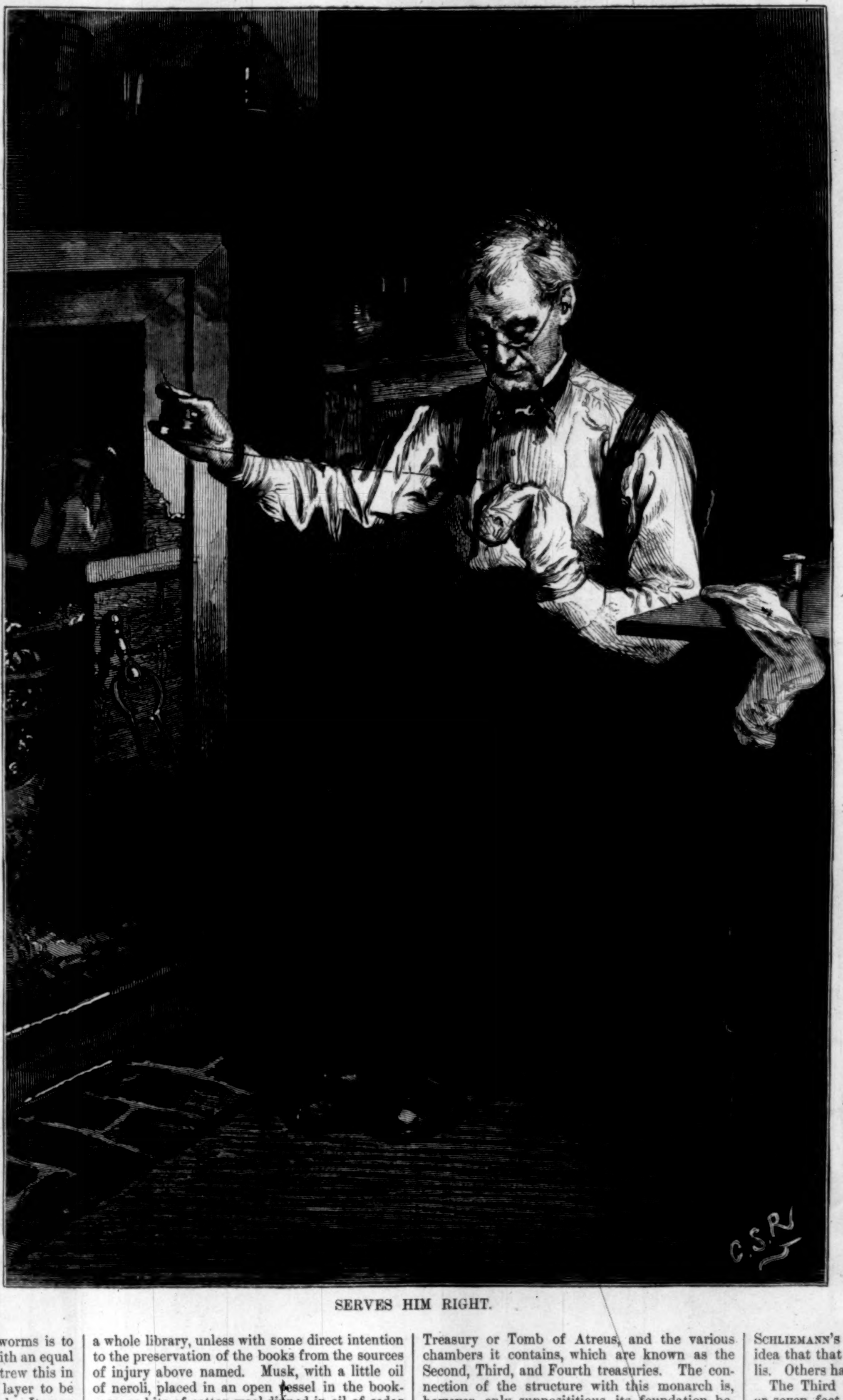
THE CARE OF BOOKS.

HUMAN bookworms are occasionally vexed by the presence in their books of real worms—little beings whom we should hardly expect to be influenced by a taste for literature. A correspondence sprang up a few years ago among bookish men concerning these worms, with a view to collect such facts as were obtainable. One correspondent described the bookworms, or, at least, a bookworm, as being about one-seventh of an inch long, rather narrow in proportion to the length. He believed that the ravages are made when the worm is in the larva state, at which time it resembles a small cheese-mite. One book doctor says that the best way to get rid of bookworms is to mix an ounce of powdered camphor with an equal weight of colocynth or tobacco, and strew this in thin layers on the book-shelves, the layer to be renewed after a few months' interval. It may perchance be effectual, but we can not regard this as other than a somewhat untidy way of treating shelves whereon handsomely bound books are placed. In some libraries a new and invisible enemy is said to have made its appearance within the last few years. It attacks new books, beginning at the top, and rapidly destroying the upper margins of the leaves, usually stopping when the printed matter is reached. Sometimes it begins at the bottom; very rarely at the sides. If a volume be regularly bound, with cut and colored or gilt edges, this enemy does not appear; the evil usually makes itself first visible on the cottony or fibrous edges of newly cut cloth-boarded books.

On one point all authorities are agreed—the necessity for good ventilation. The books in a library should not be exposed to extremes either of temperature or of dryness; tolerably circulated air, of fairly good purity, will answer better than any doctored-up atmosphere. It has been laid down by a good authority that light without injury to color, a slight humidity without mildew, and air without soot or "blacks" are as necessary to a library as to a greenhouse. If gas be used to light a library, the choice bindings should certainly not be exposed to it. A glass-fronted book-case, kept closed for months or years together, is not necessarily the best receptacle; to let in a little fresh air once now and then, by daylight, is a course that has good sense to recommend it.

So far as concerns the dainty books a lady places on her drawing-room table, a little perfume may be agreeable enough; but we can not say much for the dandyism which would perfume a whole library, unless with some direct intention to the preservation of the books from the sources of injury above named. Musk, with a little oil of neroli, placed in an open vessel in the book-case, or bits of cotton-wool dipped in oil of cedar or oil of birch, and placed on a few of the shelves, are among the remedies sometimes adopted.

We are cautioned by all good bibliophiles against the barbarism of ill-using our books, which, if worth keeping at all, ought to be treated with care and regard. Never cut open the leaves of a new book with the finger; it is an inexcusable bit of laziness; a smooth-edged paper-knife is better for this purpose than a keen-edged steel knife. Never lift a book by the corner; nor take it from the book-shelf by the head-band; nor hastily pull open a new book, or a newly bound book, if the back is stiff, on peril of finding the front edge made to resemble a flight of steps ever after; nor stand a book long on its fore edge, as this will injure the proper curvature of the back. If you have the misfortune to tear a leaf of a book, do not resort to the clumsy expedient of pinning or sewing; a narrow slip of pasted paper is a much better doctor. Do not shut up cards, dried leaves, nor botanical specimens in a volume, if the binding be costly or elegant; they will lessen its firmness and symmetry in the course of time.



SERVES HIM RIGHT.

MYCENÆ—THE FOUR TREASURIES.

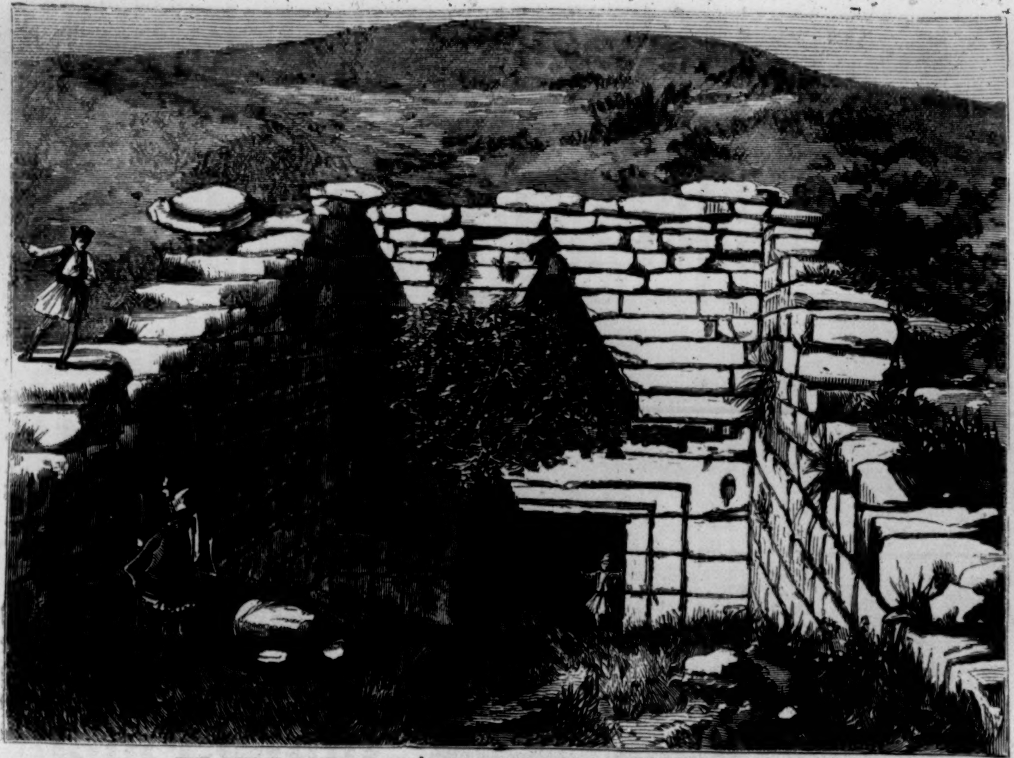
IN the Supplement issued with a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* we gave our readers a view of the great Acropolis of Mycenæ, within whose limits Dr. SCHLIEMANN has recently unearthed so many valuable relics of Grecian antiquity. In the series of sketches on page 378 will be found an accurate representation of the imposing ruin called the Treasury or Tomb of Atreus, and the various chambers it contains, which are known as the Second, Third, and Fourth treasuries. The connection of the structure with this monarch is, however, only supposititious, its foundation being entirely legendary. Its character as a treasury is only a conjecture derived from PAUSANIAS, and subsequent writers have simply repeated his words in referring to "subterraneous habitations of ATREUS and his sons, in which they deposited their treasures."

This remarkable structure is not placed within the walls of the Acropolis—a position that might naturally have been chosen on account of its greater security—but upon a lower ridge than that occupied by the citadel, and among the ruins of the ancient city itself. In approaching it the visitor comes upon what may be called a walled trench, which is now the approach to the entrance. It is about twenty feet wide, and the stones are rectangular, and small in comparison to those at the Gate of the Lions. The doorway is very simple in its style. The outside lintel stone is much smaller than the inner. Still, it is a large block; and there are two curious niches, one at each end, which might help to throw light upon the whole building if their purpose could be discovered. The triangular opening to relieve the lintel from pressure is here carried out as a matter of principle, though the wall above is of no great height. On descending the slope of accumulated rubbish, and entering the splendid domed hall, the effect is impressive, for its size is considerable. The diameter is stated to be forty-seven feet six inches, and the height fifty feet. The masonry is good and regular. The stones are not perfectly rectangular, but are very nearly so. Here and there a stone is trimmed to fit its neighbor, showing that the influence of the old polygonal style had not yet wholly departed when this monument was raised, which is an important point as to its date of construction.

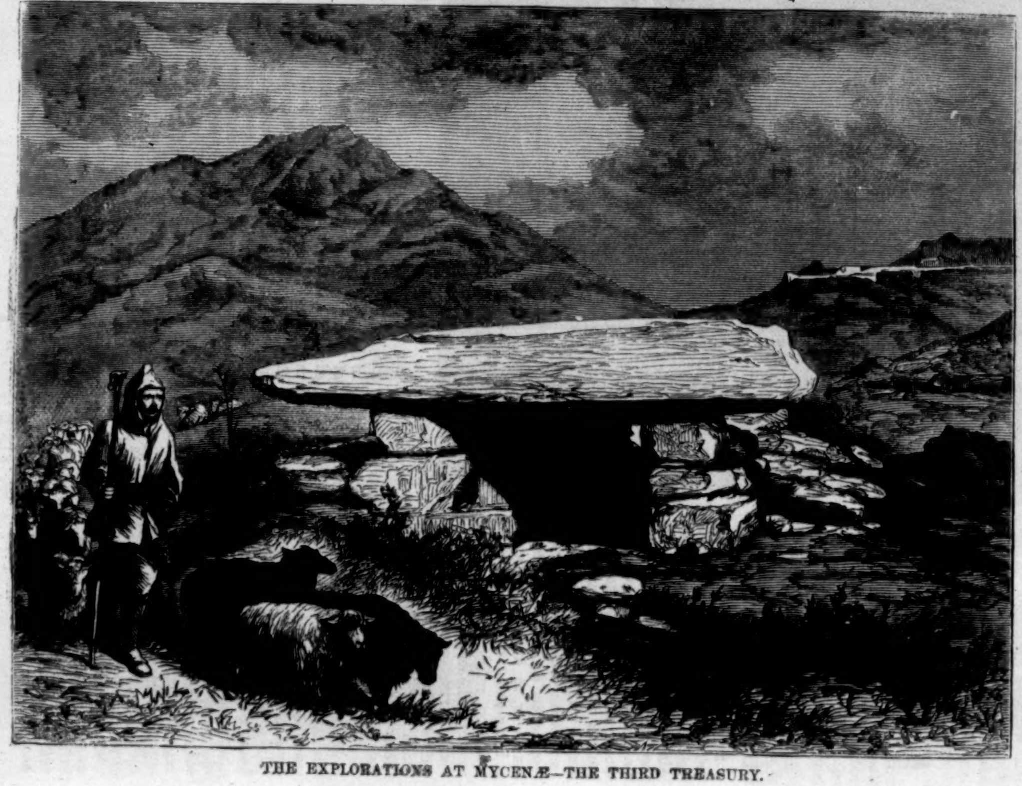
When the eye becomes accustomed to the dimmer light within, small holes are discovered all over the walls. These held the pins or nails by which, it is supposed, a metallic lining was attached to the inside. This is, no doubt, a correct supposition, as it was common in Greece to cover the interiors of buildings with bronze down to a later time. The interior of this splendid dome is in very good order. The triangular space over the inner lintel has given way a little, and one or two of the stones near the apex of the roof have fallen in. To the right hand of the visitor as he enters the dome is a doorway leading to a small apartment rudely excavated from the solid rock. The size of this chamber is about twenty-three feet square, and it is perfectly dark. On striking a light, the first impression is that it has a Gothic groined roof, but this turns out to be only the rough ledges of the rock. A hole made by the excavations carried on by the Turks is dimly visible in the centre of the room, and forms a dangerous trap for the unwary visitor who enters in the dark.

The dome of the Second Treasury having long been broken in, the structure is better known to antiquarians; but now, through the exertions of Mrs. SCHLIEMANN, the doctor's most able assistant, the whole building has been most thoroughly excavated and explored. While her husband was busy within the walls of the Acropolis, she undertook the exploration of this relic of the past, and the approach to it, which was formerly completely concealed, is now laid bare. Its position is close to the Gate of the Lions, and it is found to differ only in slight details from the other one, known as the Treasury of Atreus. In this case also the inner stone of the lintel over the doorway is again the largest stone in the building. It is twenty feet long, seven feet wide, and eighteen inches deep, and a course of large stones of the same depth is carried all around the walls on the same level. This building has a heavier cornice over the door, and one fragment of it has a simple leaf ornament, which was no doubt repeated along the whole length. This is an important point, for there is not a scrap of sculptured ornament on the other. The triangular opening over the lintel is in this case higher in its proportions than the former. The diameter of the dome within is only about a couple of feet less than that of the Treasury of Atreus; but, from being demolished at the top and the light coming in, it seems of much smaller proportions, and is far from being so impressive. There is no indication of any second chamber, which detracts from its importance. The dome is constructed on the same principle as the other, that is, with the courses placed horizontally, ignoring the principle of the arch. This monument has been called by some the Tomb of Agamemnon, since Dr. SCHLIEMANN's discoveries have given color to the idea that that hero was buried within the Acropolis. Others have named it the Tomb of Cassandra.

The Third Treasury has a passage about six or seven feet wide, and about sixteen feet long. Three courses of stone are visible on each side, which slope inwardly toward the top. Most probably other courses are concealed below with accumulated rubbish. Over these are three stones in the form of lintels, the outer one being about thirteen feet by nine, and the inner eleven feet by seven feet six inches. As in the two larger treasuries, the inner stone of the lintel is here the largest. On examining this stone, it was found that its inner contour was the segment of a circle. On removing the weeds, the stone at one side presented a continuation of the same circle, and on looking below, the edges of the stones are found to be beveled to the angle of the dome. This angle is visible in the sketch at the inner corner



THE EXPLORATIONS AT MYCENÆ—THE TREASURY OF ATREUS (ENTRANCE).

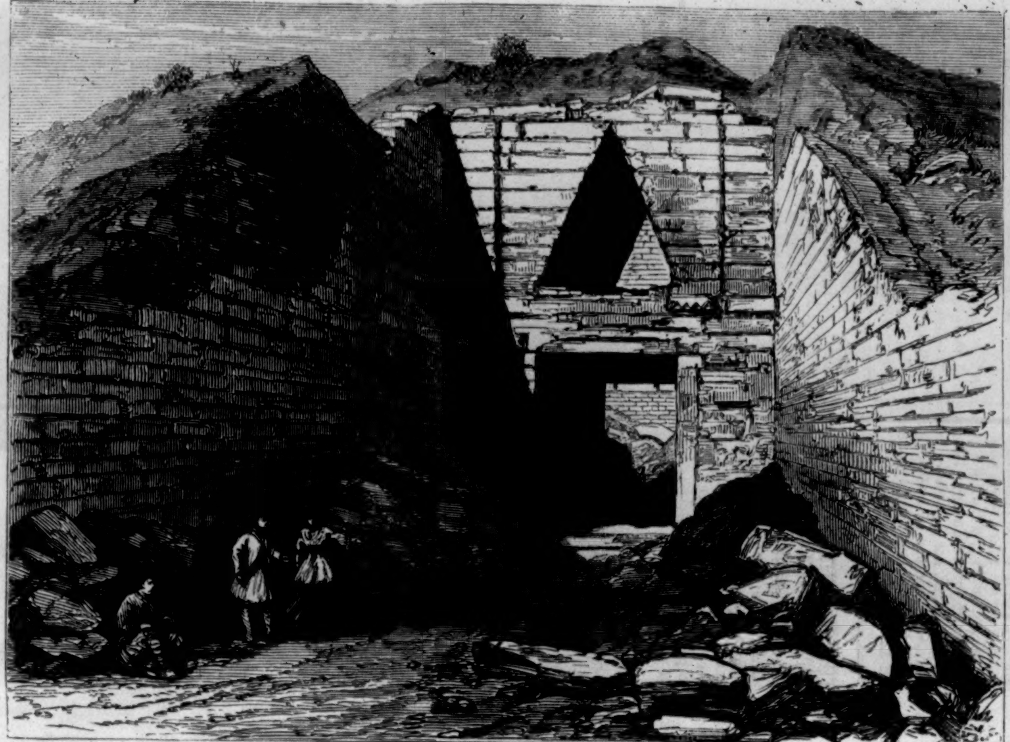


THE EXPLORATIONS AT MYCENÆ—THE THIRD TREASURY.

of the passage. The stones have been all more or less hewn; the walls of the doorway are rectangular, but irregular. Their character will be better made out from the illustration than from any description. The dome would be nearly twenty feet in diameter. The doorway in this case enters from the west. The Acropolis of Mycenæ comes in on the right hand in the distance, and Mount Agios Elias on the left.

The stones of the Fourth Treasury are much ruder, and have received but little work on them in the way of carving. The doorway is so filled up with stones and rubbish that the visitor is obliged to crawl in in a very undignified manner if he would see the interior of the ruins. The passage now terminates below with a wall of small stones under the inner lintel. This inner lintel stone, as in all the other three, is again the largest block in the monument. No other stones are now visible as belonging to the dome; perhaps an excavation might reveal something of the kind. The largest stone in this case is about twelve feet by eight. There are six stones in all covering the passage, and one is laid across, resting on its edge, the whole passage being a little over twenty feet long. The entrance in this structure was from the south.

A natural question arises regarding these monuments as to whether they present a development from a primitive type to a higher, or the reverse. The first impression would be that the rudest of these remains has been the earliest, and that the Treasury of Atreus gives us the most perfect condition which this manner of building reached. Most probably this is the correct opinion, but the absence of any inscription leaves the matter in great doubt. The precise purpose of the buildings also remains a mystery. In the Homeric age tombs are always described as "piled" or "heaped up." They are always mounds, and the fact of the earth covering these so-called "treasuries" is a strong evidence of their sepulchral character; but the rock-cut chamber and the magnificently built accessories would lead to the conclusion that it belongs to a period posterior to the Iliad and the Odyssey. HECTOR'S tomb is described as the "hollow grave." This was the primitive cell, which became developed into an unarched dome. Of this, many examples are found in the tumuli near Kertch, some of them of a very large size, and, though different in construction, they afford a good illustrative parallel. In the structures just described we find a developed architecture which seems to have been rich with metallic decoration. Here all resemblance to the simple cell of the hollow grave has been lost, and now the foot or two feet of earth, heaped on the top, is nearly all that is left to remind us of the original mound, from which this style of tomb had its origin.



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